The SPHERE

Vol. CXXXI. No. 1718. DECEMBER 24, 1932. With which is incorporated "The GRAPHIC"

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, December 24, 1932

HORSE-POWER Replaces REINDEER for SANTA CLAUS

The Christmas South Africa Mail 'Plane Being Loaded at Croydon

On December 14, but eleven days before Christmas, the great 'plane carrying the Yuletide mail to South Africa was laden at Croydon with its freight of sentiment to be borne over the new route. Nothing more revealing, more epitomical of the giant strides made in transport during this century could be shown than this picture. Every Wednesday a gigantic liner leaves Croydon for South Africa, travelling via Paris, Brindisi, Athens, Alexandria, Cairo, Assiut, Assuan, Wadi Halfa, Khartum, Costi, Malakal, Kampala, Kisumu, Nairobi, Moshi, Dodoma, Mbeya, Mpika, Broken Hill, Salisbury, Buluwayo, Pietersburg, Johannesburg, Kimberley, Victoria West, and Cape Town

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A London New

Lenare

A BRIDE OF THE MONTH: Miss Cicely Kathleen Radmall, daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Clifford Radmall of Clifton, near Watford, who was married last week at St. George's, Hanover Square, to Major Sir Geoffrey Frederick Neill Palmer, Bart., late Coldstream Guards, the elder son of the late Sir Edward Palmer and of Lady Palmer. The bride is a niece of Lady Houston, the millionairess to whose patriotism and financial assistance Britain owes—among other things—the Schneider trophy won last year by a team which competed only owing to her generosity. Lady Houston, whose philanthropy is famous throughout the country, has lent Sir Geoffrey and Lady Palmer her yacht for the honeymoon

346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, December 21, 1932.

THAT CHRISTMAS FEELING.—The Christmas rush, leading up to the Christmas festivities (which every normal man over forty should, and would if he could, evade), falls unfortunately at the season of the year when vitality is at its lowest. And then Christmas Eve arrives, and the old magic reasserts itself. The most despondent, the most withered, the most acid succumbs to it; his cynic rags fall away, and transformed into a habit, gay or sober, but a "decent habit," he sits down with the rest to the feast and sips once more the old brew known since childhood, the strange, ineradicable thrill of something comforting, exciting, hopeful, and redeeming—a new start and one more chance. Perhaps it is the knowledge that the darkest month is nearly over, the heaviest quarter day will soon be done with; or perhaps it is indeed that charity which begins at home every Christmas even in the least harmonious houses. The annual conspiracy "to give the children a good time" actually produces a good time for the donors. As for the children, they do not suffer by sharing the gift; for as we all know, nowadays children have a good time all the year round. In short (to justify one more nursery maxim), giving the children a good time is like giving a child a mechanical toy. The elderly "donor" gets quite as much fun out of the mechanism as the recipient. And so (without fear of reprisals) I wish all readers of this page (even the old and crusty) a Happy Christmas.

THE DICKENS OF A CHRISTMAS.—When the cinema was comparatively young and crude, I seem to remember that the Americans were very sweet on the typical Christmas plot beloved of Dickens. The mortgage on the old home fell due on Christmas Eve, and unless the debt was paid, by a miracle or good fairy, there would be no fireside fun, no goodwill and plum pudding, no sob stuff, stuffing, and sentiment. Of course, in the nick of time, the fairy godmother arrived with the dough, and the pudding was baked in time for the Christmas dinner. And Christmas, 1932, will be a Dickens Christmas for Britain. The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street played the part of good fairy, the "villainous attorney" (poor old Brother Jonathan who has his troubles, too) is digesting the heavy mass of dough and putting as bold a face on it as he can, while John Citizen, wife, and children sit down in the old cottage home to enjoy their Christmas dinner, and dismiss thoughts of sordid money transactions until next quarter day. But the fact remains, and it's a significant one. Three months ago, no one, pundit or public, had the faintest suspicion that this old plot would be used for the Christmas Show, 1932.

THE WAR DEBTS DEBATE.—This is the third time in as many weeks I have hazarded the guess that no one in the Government had the faintest idea that, when the time came to discuss the question, America would insist on payment of the December Debts instalment. Hence the easy shunting of the question till the eleventh hour. And on Wednesday in the notable debate on the question, Mr. Chamberlain admitted the truth. Though he spoke with great restraint, and chose his words with singular care, he could not conceal the bitterness he felt at what he regarded as a retrogression by America over ground painfully won, with consequences to international credit and economy which he could not foresee. For a debate in the House in these days, it was a battle of giants, among whom clever young Sir Stafford, knee high among the Colossi, planted some shrewd pebbles with his little sling. The giant Winston laid about him with the point of his great sword and made the house roar; and then the giants of old, Lloyd George and Sir Robert Horne, Sir Austen and Mr. Baldwin, joined in a post-mortem of the Balfour Note, and in the end could only adjourn the Inquest, after Mr. George had lost his temper in an endeavour to save his reputation for consistency and prescience. What was the majority feeling of the House about the decision of Britain, or rather the action of the Government in deciding as it did, it would be difficult to say with certainty. There can be no doubt that Mr. George's criticism that the Government had taken no steps to ascertain the feeling of the House before reaching their decision—as in the case of the French and Belgian Governments—gained wide approval; but there is little doubt that the result would have been the same had it done so. The best features of the debate were undoubtedly Mr. Chamberlain's great speech and Sir Robert Horne's fine vindication of Mr. Baldwin's statesmanship.

THE CHANCES FOR MERIT.—I fell to discussing with a novelist the other day the chances for merit in literature. We agreed that the glut of publications has of late years materially shortened the normal testing-time for novels, and that unless some unforeseen topical circumstance or elaborate and expensive campaign hoists a novel of merit above the crowd, in two or three months its turn is over, the advertisement provision is exhausted, and it is trampled under foot. I argued, however, that glutting of the market was not the only adverse factor in these days. The astonishing and general improvement in the technique of novel writing has enormously heightened our standards. Only those who have spent valuable weeks (as I have) on "rescue work," searching among the forgotten novels of the early and mid-Victorian age, can realize how many hundreds of "genteel persons" of both sexes were then turning out three-volume and single-volume novels that ranged from the indifferent to the grotesquely feeble. But to-day we number, not by the score but by the hundred, men and women novelists, old and very young, who have somehow acquired an efficiency and technique which fifty years ago must have raised any one of them to an acknowledged place in the literature of fiction. . . .

I believe that this vastly increased technique does more than glutting to increase the chances of failure for a novel of merit. The crude and vulgar methods of boosting and the easy superlatives of a vastly enlarged company of critics, submerged in a sea of new books, have now ceased to delude the public, which distrusts and discounts the more blatant forms of boost, and has fallen back on a very small and select body of critics and reviewers who adhere to the old principles, regard themselves as trustees, read before they recommend, and recommend or criticize without fear or favour. *The Times*, and one or two other great dailies and "Sundays," *Punch* and (I am glad to record) THE SPHERE, to name two or three out of perhaps a score of periodicals, and the B.B.C., possess such critics. And in my view their task is made harder every year by the continuous improvement in technique. They see the danger that lies in acclaiming half-a-dozen new masterpieces per week. The trouble is that (on the standard of a generation ago) there *are* about that number of really efficient pieces of work deserving of high praise. And that is why I take my hat off once a day to those resolute and immensely capable men and women by the score who each year sit down to compose another novel of 100,000 words upwards.

CARLTON HOUSE SITE.—I pen these lines with one eye on the familiar façade of Carlton Terrace looking north, and the other eye on Sir Reginald Blomfield's proposed elevation as seen from the Park. I am a sworn enemy of iconoclasm in theory always, in practice sometimes. Yet no shudder of horror seizes me when I look at the Blomfield design, nor indeed does the Carlton Gardens agitation affect me deeply. No romance attaches to that side for me. In a century those acres of rich London soil have been deemed adequate to afford a suitable home to

(*a*) One bloated individual.
(*b*) A score or so of wealthy folk.
(*c*) Office, home or hotel accommodation for perhaps 3,000 souls.

So wags the world, so evolves the rich acreage of the West End. I am too young (thank you!) to have enjoyed the hospitality of the Regent. I have often enjoyed (and remember with pleasure) the hospitality of Carlton Terrace in its second phase, and recall a score of delightful balls and musical parties in the easy days at no fewer than eight of the houses. Phase (*c*) of Carlton Terrace is not likely to play a part in my life, save that Sir Reginald will block the spring and autumn sunshine from the pleasantest rooms in my club. For his design, high as it appears, I have only praise. The architects can build grandly and gracefully with the present-day vehicles for mass construction. We know that several houses in the Terrace are empty, for £2,000 a year is now a fancy figure to pay in rent for one's London *pied-à-terre*, and if the Crown by building higher can (without desecration) stop that leak in its lawful income and raise the inflow by 600 per cent., well, say I (as the first-whip said of Rome on his return from a free trip to Italy), you can 'ave Carlton Terrace.

THE IDEAL SITE.—It was, it is, a grand site for a London house. It is quiet, it is bathed in sunshine, it looks across green beauties such as surround a great country house; the children can get air and exercise without danger or delay; the M.P. can dine at home; the theatres and clubs are at your door; the Royal processions are staged to please you and your friends. Carlton Gardens and Terrace are the heart and soul, the mind and eyes and ears and lungs of London! Good; let the privileged few give place to the democratic 3,000. One cannot deny that Pall Mall is largely consecrated to privilege and selfishness—in so far as it is comprised in clubland. And *how* angry people are about this half-fledged proposal! Even the stately, polished, wise, grave, and sober gentleman, *The Times*, changed his voice to something like a growl. Perhaps the stately gentleman lives in that haunt of peace and privilege. If so, he adorns it and fits it to a nicety. Or perhaps he belongs to that corner of clubland whose ancient and pale lights are like to be blocked.

sletter

BRIGHTON IS SO BRACING.—There is a good prospect that before many months are past Brighton will assure for herself one more strong claim to the title of Queen of Watering Places. The interests of the jaded invalid and the gaping sight-seer have never ceased to be in the mind of the authorities since Brighthelmstone first emerged from obscurity with a Royal ticket. No apparent difficulties in the way of conflicting interests of her patrons have ever deterred or discouraged those devoted authorities. The great work has gone forward—stone and concrete, pier and paddle pond, miniature golf and musical uplift, goot carriages and invalid carriages, shelters and peep shows, as if those patrons had but one mind. And now that Brighton is near the accomplishment of one more beautiful dream—the organization of motor-racing through the main streets of the great seaside city—why need one fear that the patrons of Brighton should split into camps? When the great engines roar down Marine Parade and Madeira Road at 110 m.p.h., the holiday-maker's cup will be full, and the influenza victim and the nervous wreck will dash down their cups of beef-tea and rush bareheaded to join the seething crowd of enthusiasts at the winning post. Indeed, the only doubt in the minds of the authorities is whether Brighton's famous cure may not be undesirably speeded up.

"L'AIGLON."—"*On ne peut se figurer l'impression produite par la mort du jeune Napoléon. J'ai même vu pleurer de jeunes Républicains.*" So wrote Henri Heine of the death of the Duc de Reichstadt in Vienna a hundred years ago. France is no longer a very young republic, and sceptres and thrones all over Europe have tumbled down and brought down in their fall the political ideas, traditions, and ideals of the past. But even the day of democracy is powerless to dim the glory of a past won by force of arms and gained by conquering kings over their defeated rivals. Still as of old the man in the street hungers sometimes for pageantry and enjoys without shame to tell sad stories of the death of kings and to share again the triumphs of the crowned tyrants of the past who made their country great in the bad old way. I wager that many more republican tears will be shed on May 5th in Paris next year, when the poor remains of L'Aiglon are received at the Invalides from Vienna and laid with military honours at the feet of the first Napoleon. And herein at last shall be fulfilled those strangely moving and prophetic lines of Rostand at the end of the fourth act of his great play:

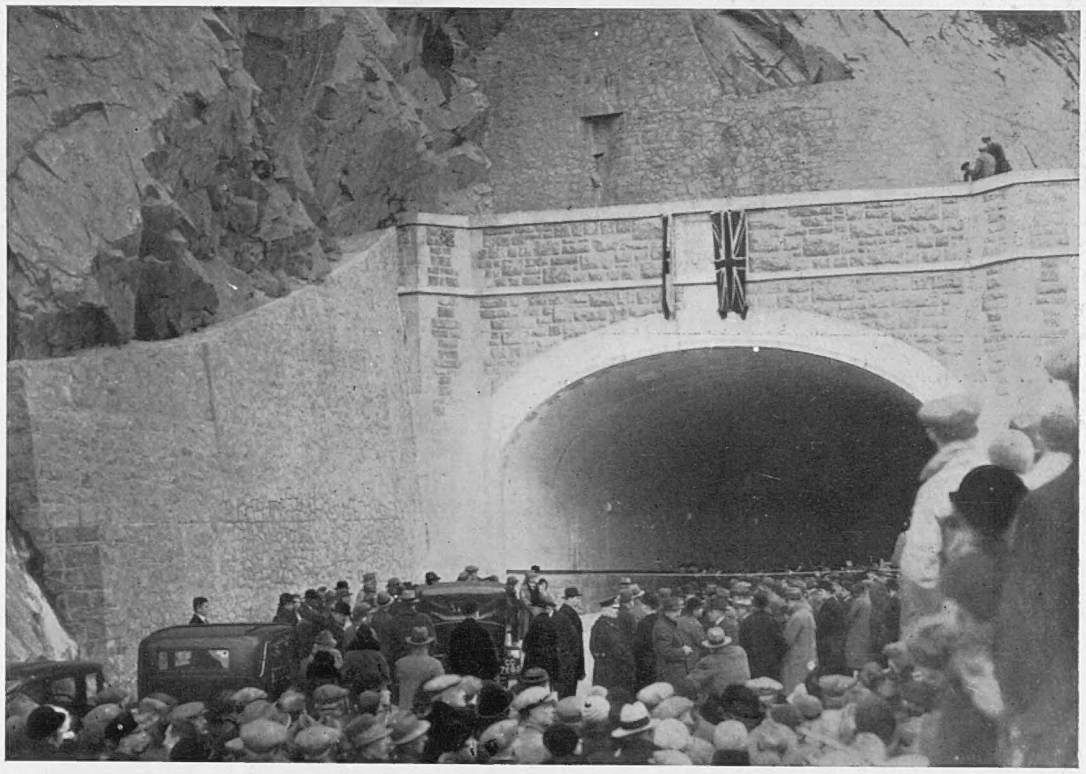
L'ATTACHÉ: *Avez-vous pour Paris—car j'y serais le quatre—quelques commissions? L'honneur me serait doux.*
LE DUC: *Je compte être rendu dans l'Empire avant vous!*
L'ATTACHÉ: *Si pourtant, avant vous, j'étais dans le Royaume?*
LE DUC: *Saluez de ma part la colonne Vendôme.*

After a century, Napoleon II will return to his capital, a little latter than he expected, and salute in passing the Vendôme column.

THE PACE THAT KILLS.—The spectacle of a scientist terrified by the progress of scientific experiment might have been observed a few days ago at Bremen when Einstein, on his way to America, paused to remark that science must imperatively call a holiday to scientific technique, and stay put, until the slow intelligence of the peoples of the world could catch up with the advances of the past thirty years, and readjust its standards in a changed world of intellectual and scientific notions. And true it is—since history began—that those scientists who have disregarded or scorned the slow intelligence of the common man have seen their discoveries despised, railed at and set aside, and themselves neglected during their lifetime and far beyond it. At the moment the living scientists are a century in advance of the peoples of the world, and the great modern theories and discoveries, accepted by scientists, are proving not only unhelpful to humanity but are, as Einstein ruefully admits, fuddling men's minds, and by men being relegated to the category of theories which are tiresome and of no practical value because unintelligible. Einstein and his fellow geniuses set out to help humanity to make life easier, and thought nobler, and ideals higher. And, succeeding beyond all expectation, they penetrated impiously beyond the fixed limits of their age into the unexplored territories reserved for posterity. And now they seek a line of retreat in the waste places beyond human ken.

THE OLD STAGER.

THE QUEEN'S INTEREST IN THE LEAGUE OF PERSONAL SERVICE: Her Majesty has been very busy during the immediate days preceding the Christmas holiday. A large number of shops have received visits from the Queen, for her present list is a long one and she always desires to give a personal touch to her Christmas gifts. Her Majesty also found time to visit the League of Personal Service in Grosvenor Place to inspect the League's work



A TUNNEL THROUGH A GREAT WELSH BLUFF: Sir Richard John Williams opened the 565 ft. roadway tunnel, cut through Penmaenbach mountain between Conway and Penmaenmawr. The work necessitated the removal of 53,000 tons of hard rock

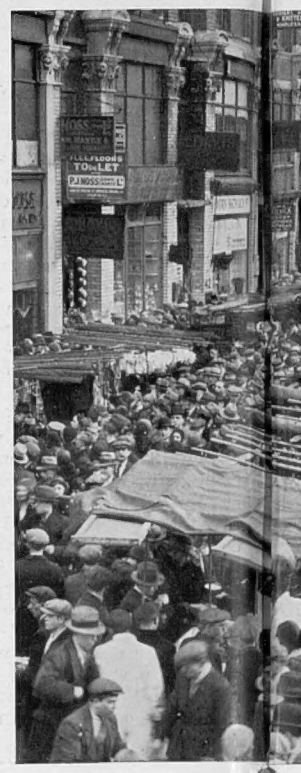
OFF FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS: A realistic impression of a happy Christmas compartment of a Southern Railway train at Waterloo. A Christmas tree is among the luggage on the rack

A PICTURESQUE TOWER MARRIAGE: A daughter of a yeoman warder of the Tower was married a few days ago to Mr. Cyril Baker, late of the 18th Hussars, in the Chapel Royal of St. Peter ad Vincula

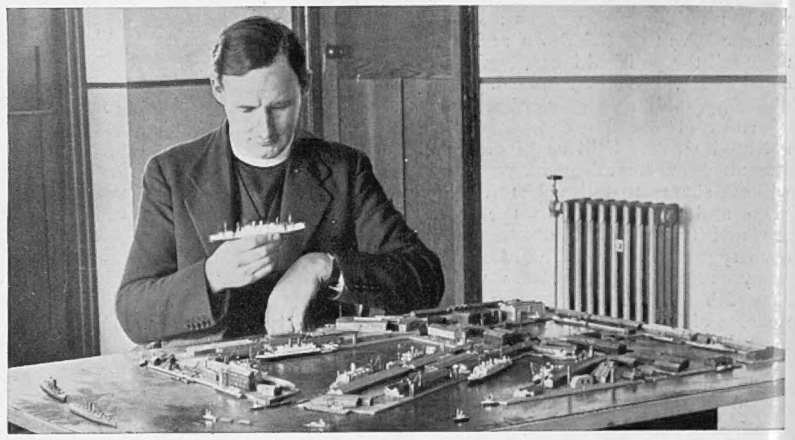
LATE DECEMBER D

A LILY BRIDE: Miss Angela du Boulay made a pretty picture as she left for St. Margaret's to marry Mr. Iain Murray. She wore one of the prettiest bridal dresses of the season and carried a swathe of lilies

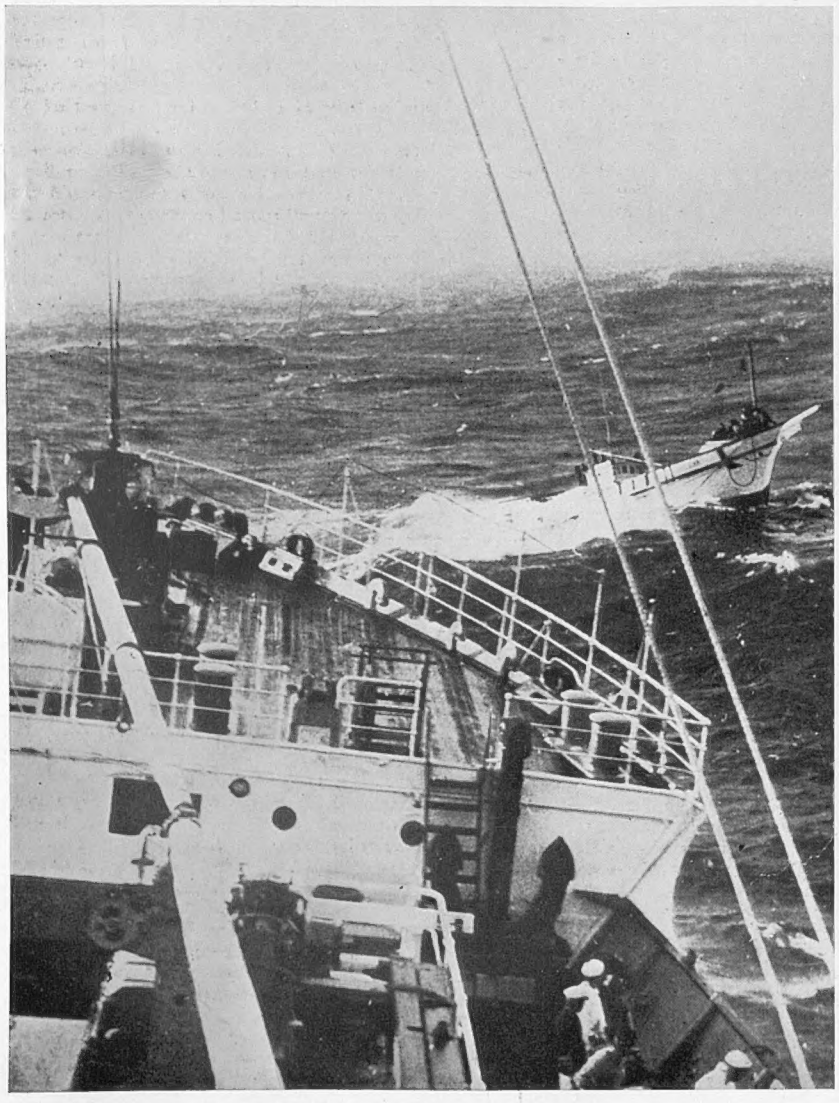
OFF AT LAST: After a day or two of West End shopping, the Bailey-Churchill couple finally started on their honeymoon. They are here with the captain on board the *Arlanza* bound for Madeira



A CHRISTMAS MARKET Pet full as ever this Ch movement was diff to anothe

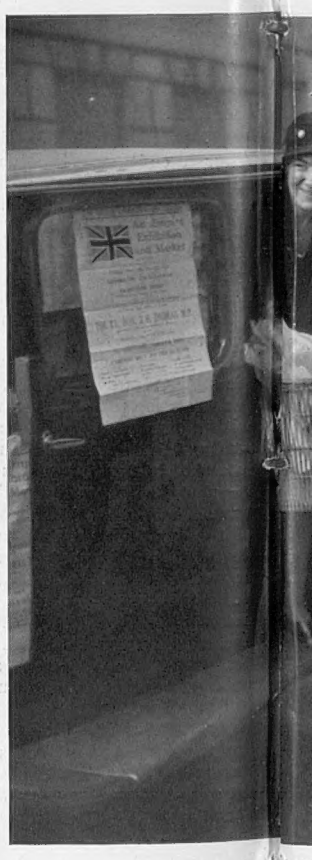


WITH LITTLE COST: This model of Southampton Docks has been made by the Rev. A. T. Johns of New Malden from small pieces of metal and wood—an example of what can be done with practically no outlay



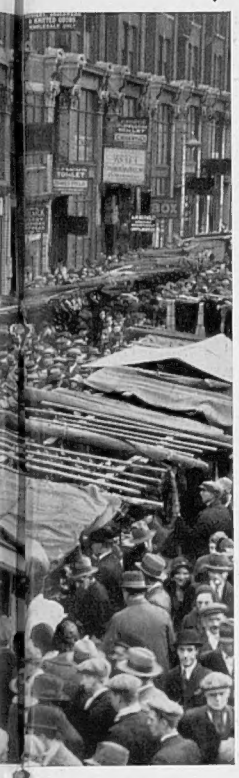
A RESCUE IN MID-OCEAN: The *Buenos Aires Maru* recently rescued the crew of a sinking fishing vessel off Cape Inubosaki: the crew of the sinking vessel can be seen huddled together in the bow

DOWN UNDER: A contrast in costume from Brisbane where the Cup Races are held in the heat of the Australian summer



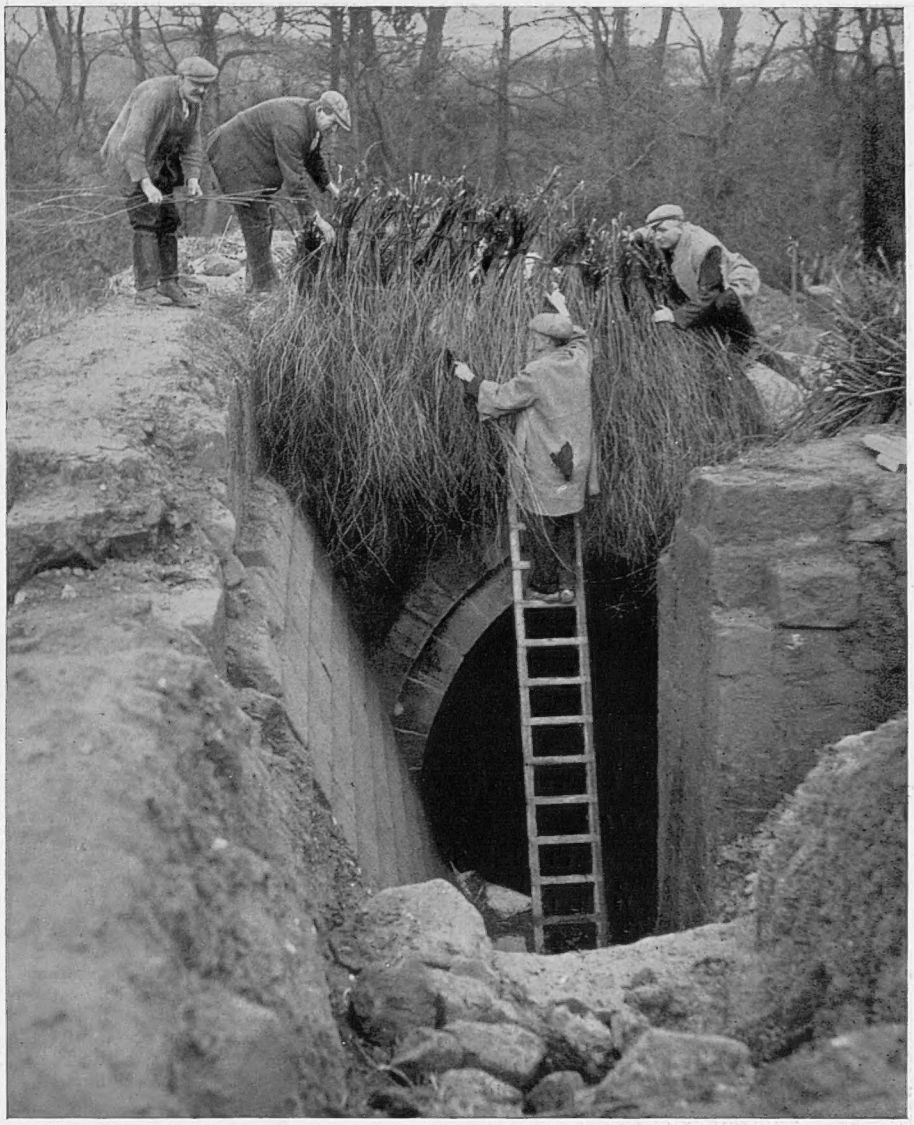
AN EMPIRE GROUP I LO conveying Empire goods to (India); *centre*, Pri

DAYS: Scenes from Town, Country-side, and the "Down Under" Hemisphere

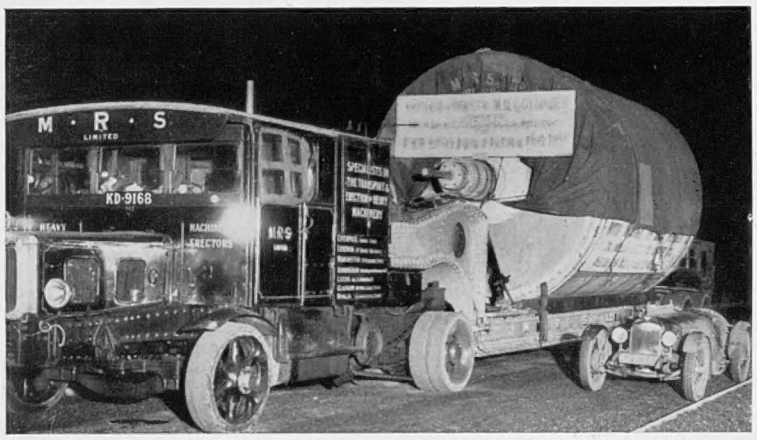


...Petticoat Lane was as ...Christmas—In fact ...difficult from one stall ...another

THE LATEST SCREEN ENGAGEMENT: Miss Marilyn Miller telling her friends the news of her engagement to Don Alvarado, who came over on the *Bremen*



PROTECTING MEDIEVAL BRITAIN: To protect the recently exposed stonework of the fourteenth century Weoley Castle from the frost, the Birmingham authorities are thoughtfully covering it with brushwork



THE BIGGEST PAPER-MAKING CYLINDER, taking a Christmas journey to Aylesford in Kent. It rode on what is also the largest road trolley, part of the M.R.S. road transport equipment

...LONDON: Here in this group we see India, Africa, and the West Indies engaged in ...to the Empire Market Bazaar at Grosvenor House. On *left* Mrs. Perin Murze ...Princess Irene Makaula (Africa), and on *extreme right* Miss Marson (Jamaica)

THE SISTER OF THE RULER OF MANCHUKUO arrives at Tilbury on a visit to England with her husband. Princess Cheng Tui-ai is twenty years old. Visits from such distinguished Chinese ladies to England are rare

"THE SPIRIT OF PANTOMIME IS NOT DEAD," says our author. "It is as alive and full of fun as ever." Here several well-known actors are depicting the historic figures of harlequinade

Is Panto

Though Dating from Neolithic to be in a very Vital Condition, Rejuvenating Spirit will be very London

By W. HOLT

It's so utterly English. There is nothing like it anywhere else in the world. And, to paraphrase the clown, "here it is again"—stronger than ever, with four pantomimes in the West End, a sprinkling in the suburbs, and round about a hundred in the provinces.

In fact, pantomime is another and well-established phase of big business. Vast sums are sunk in scenery and costumes. Many comedians mould their careers with one eye on Christmas. Thousands of girls practise for the chorus. Hundreds kick off from the chorus to higher branches of the profession. As for the cash receipts, one can only vaguely reckon these by considering the millions of people who will make up the audiences. Yes, millions.

Take, for instance, *Dick Whittington* at the Hippodrome. Over 300,000 people will probably see that. A similar number will gaze on the *Sleeping Beauty* at the Lyceum. *Mother Goose*—established at last as orthodox pantomime—at Daly's, and *Robinson Crusoe* at the Scala should account for another half-million between them.

And that's in the West End alone. When one thinks of the provinces, I had rather that someone else made the reckoning than I.

Yet it is only when we stretch out to the provinces that one can get a real grasp of this colossal matter. It was Rich's battle royal with the Theatre Royal which planted pantomime in London and ultimately in the provinces. In the same way it is the friendly but none the less determined rivalry of two men—Julian Wylie and Ladler of Bradford—which in recent years has kept the banner of all that is best in pantomime flourishing so triumphantly in the Midlands and North. And now Ladler is challenging Wylie's supremacy in London. It is a dramatic situation in more ways than one.

In London, of course, Julian Wylie, solid and benign, if a little silent, has long been a familiar figure. From those wonderful headquarters of his in Shaftesbury Avenue, quietly, methodically, he has launched many West-End successes. But at heart he is faithful to his first love—Pantomime.

Year after year he has planted gorgeous shows in the Midlands and the North—just a hundred of them. In London he has already produced three—*Dick Whittington* at the Hippodrome will be his fourth. That is 104 pantomimes in all.

It is an education to see him rehearse his principals. He has no script before him. He knows by heart every line of forty pantomimes.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN PREPARATION: At the Lyceum, Miss Kitty Riedy (seen above at piano) takes the part of the Principal Boy

"*Pantomime is Dead!*"

With each succeeding Christmas this dreadful parrot cry comes wailing from some ultimately untraceable source. It fills the air with the same deadly and repetitive insistence as Edgar Allan Poe's notorious raven monotonously ejaculating "Never more!"

"*Pantomime is Dead!*"

Is it?

Ha-ha! Ha-ha! HA! HA!

Listen to the chorus of sardonic and derisive laughter of the Demon Kings as, in Mephistophelian guise, they shoot up from a hundred spring traps.

"*Pantomime is Dead!*"

Ha-ha! The Demon Kings know better than that. They know, it is true, that all over the country opposing Fairy Queens will bring their machinations to naught. But they can afford to say "Ha-ha!" because they know that all over England Jacks are climbing beanstalks, Widow Twankeys are in trouble about their cows, Robinson Crusoe is finding his Man Friday, Dick Whittington is waxing rich on rat-catching, and various Sleeping Princesses are being awakened to happiness ever after by the enraptured kisses of an adequate number of Prince Charmings.

In fact, it's a lovely life is pantomime. All the same, why isn't anything so utterly childish in these sophisticated days quite dead? Why isn't it?

I met Fay Compton in one of the maze-like corridors of the famous Rehearsal Rooms in Poland Street. As everyone knows by this time, Fay Compton—dramatic actress if ever there were one—is Principal Boy in *Dick Whittington* at the Hippodrome. In the passage of the Rehearsal Rooms she wore a mackintosh and carried a suitcase, a pochette, an umbrella, and a paper bag bulgy with buns.

"Why isn't pantomime dead?" I asked.

She looked up at me with the eyes of a child, illumined with the very spirit of worldly wisdom.

"Because," she said, without even stopping to think, "it just gives all of us such a 'mahv'llous time,' and ——" here she craned upwards and whispered, "*It's so rejuvenating!* All through panto-time I get younger and younger every day."

"*It's so rejuvenating!*"

Well, if you sit down to analyse this absurd business, that is probably the reason for pantomime's unflagging success.

It keeps us young. And if you consult the archæologists—oh, yes, the archæologists are quite busy digging up the ruins of prehistoric pantomime—you will learn that pantomime goes back to the Neolithic Age.

The theory of the archæologists is that the winters which afflicted the cave dwellers were black and dreadful. Society got bored. A shocking thing for the cave dwellers when frost, hanging over from the glacial period, put a stop to "huntin'."

So the cave dwellers, growing increasingly bored as the dark winter reached its full depth of depression, decided to enliven things with a real "beano." They just had to.

So they dressed up and, illuminating their gloomy abodes as best they could, staged the beginnings of panto from their own traditions and their own romantic experiences.

The performances did not, of course, represent pantomime proper. The antiquarians and the historians and the philologists will combine to put you right about that. From them you will learn that genuine pantomime is descended from the old Roman Saturnalia—during which each sex dressed up to represent the other. That is why till this day—so say the antiquarians—the Hero, or Principal Boy, is always a girl, and the principal female figure—the Star Comedian—is always played by a man.

And then there were the Roman Pantomimi—those entertainments in dumb show which were the beginnings of our harlequinade and from which the pantomime directly springs.

Did pantomime perish in the final fall of the Roman Empire? Not a bit of it. According to the historians the Holy Roman Church absorbed it, as in these days it absorbed most things. The Church finally transformed the Saturnalia and the Pantomimi into Miracle Plays and into great religious festivals which, celebrated on a large scale and in an increasingly spectacular and secular manner, became proportionately popular.

Thus things went on through the Dark Ages, those Dark Ages which, in their initial stages, were so effulgently illuminated by the Cross.

And then we come to such fellows as Copernicus and Galileo, paving the way for curtailing the power of the Popes—the end of Mediævalism and the Restoration of Pantomime.

But now we must take a trip on the flying carpet of some handy genii across the pageant of the ages in several countries. (In whispered parenthesis, have you heard that evilly disposed persons have plotted to explain the Magic Carpet on the Einstein space-time theory? Well, they have. Nothing is sacred to mathematicians.)

And now we arrive in London with a bump in the days of James I in the company of Signor Harlequin. Harlequin in the flesh, in fact, complete with Columbine and Clown. And for years Harlequin remained the darling of the "gods" until a greater than he overshadowed him. This was Grimaldi the clown, who by his own sheer genius snatched the glory of the Harlequinade from Harlequin in spite of all that gentleman's agility and glitter.

Next we have John Rich (1692–1761). Rich was impressed by the immense success of the musical phantasies which were being given at Drury Lane. He established himself in Lincoln's Inn Fields and began to do better than the Theatre Royal itself. In the course of time the fairy stories and legends of many countries—"Dick Whittington" of England, "Little Red Riding Hood" of Germany, "Sinbad of the Arabian Nights," and so on—were taken and woven into pantomime. It was, indeed, the struggle between Rich and Drury Lane which established pantomime for good and all.

Provincial managers looked hungrily at the successes in London. They adopted it themselves and in a few years pantomime filled the bill at Christmas time at practically neanly every theatre in the country.

Indeed, though Dick Whittington has "turned again" countless thousands of times in a multitude of places between John o' Groats and Land's End, pantomime has never looked back.

The theatre has experienced many vicissitudes and of late years has suffered heavily from the cinema, but it has still one trump card—Pantomime. The pantomime season is still the most prosperous time of the whole theatrical year. It is the theatre manager's only sure and certain winner. Failure with pantomime is practically unknown.

Why? That is a question which arouses the highbrow critic to frenzy and excites the scientific sociologist to wrath. They will advance a hundred damning reasons, but never put forward what appear to be the true ones. Those, according to a famous pantomime producer, are quite simple and understandable. In pantomime everyone gets over their difficulties and lives happily ever after—except, of course, the Bad Fairies and the Demon Kings and other Powers of Evil. And there is something so ineffably childish about it all—it's so earnest and yet so light-hearted, with such lots of jolly laughter that it appeals both to the young and the older of this Peter Pan of nations. In the matter of pantomime England never grows up.

DEAD? NO!

Times, Pantomime is Discovered and this Year its Cheery, Evident on Several Notable Stages

WHITE

Now, as everyone knows, pantomimes are written in what are known as "pantomime couplets," the most famous of which perhaps is:

Fear not, 'tis nothing but a cat,
Which would harm nothing, except perhaps a rat.

Get one word of that out of place, Mr. Whittington—and Mr. Wylie will pounce. He knows every couplet in every pantomime—correctly.

Pantomimes, of course, must be brought up to date. They must be provided with topical jokes and new songs. So each year the Napoleon of Pantomime sends for book writers, song writers, stage managers and property men and says, in effect—"This is what I want." And they do it under his watchful eyes. Between October and Christmas he travels 6,000 miles from theatre to theatre up and down the country to make sure they do it—just as he wants it.

Now we come to Ladler, who owns several theatres in various districts, and this year has five "resident" pantomimes — in Bradford, Leeds, Birmingham, Nottingham and Derby, but who is always known as "Mr. Ladler of Bradford." In a way he *is* Bradford, or perhaps one should call him Bradford's Fairy Prince.

His pantomimes are more than shows. They are institutions.

His standards for everything are Cromwellian in their severity. For instance, his chorus ladies must be of a nice type. A girl may be clever, but if she is upsetting the amenities of his enormous pantomime family Mr. Ladler sternly orders her to go.

Then he specializes in troupes of children. There are half-a-dozen troupes of a dozen children each scattered about his theatres, each troupe in charge of a governess and a matron.

They say that there is not one mother in Bradford who does not pray that she will bear a baby girl who will one day enter one of Mr. Ladler's troupes.

On the day that the children are selected, Bradford is all agog with excitement. Hundreds upon hundreds of little girls queue up in the street beside his theatre. In their hands they carry their birth certificates. They cannot appear in panto till they are twelve, though they may begin their training when they are eleven.

They are dealt with in batches of twenty on the floor of the theatre and picked for type, size, and brightness of character. Happy, happy the little girl who wins through. There is rejoicing in her Bradford home that night. She is now one of Mr. Ladler's "Sunbeams."

Presently she will be drafted into one of Mr. Ladler's pantomimes, of which he has so far produced 140. So he is thirty-six up on Mr. Wylie.

Mr. Wylie, however, has sworn to narrow the margin. Indeed, it will be narrower after this Christmas.

And all this success on the part of both the men is due to sticking to the "legitimate" in pantomime. Probably both Mr. Wylie and Mr. Ladler have profited by the great example set by the Melvilles at the Lyceum. They have never budged an inch from true pantomime tradition and the proper pantomime book.

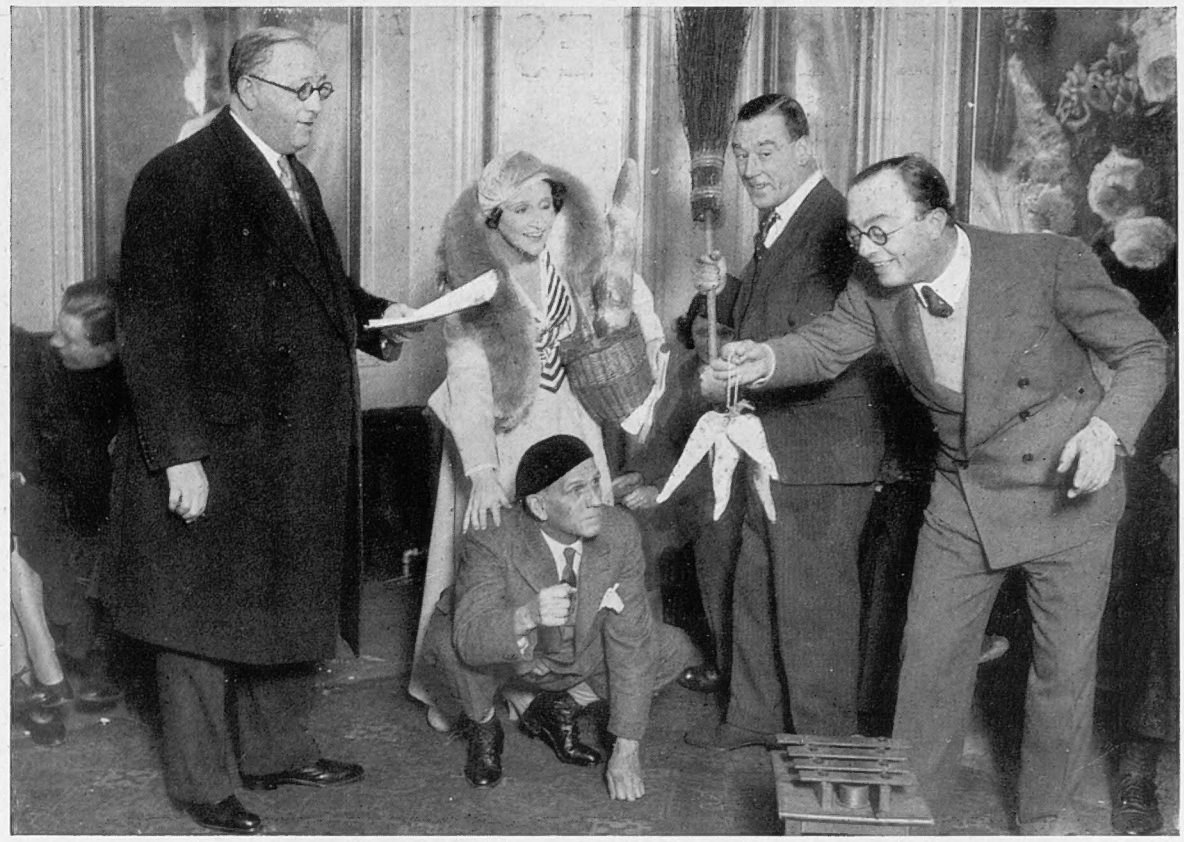
A few years ago some modern enthusiasts endeavoured to improve on pantomime by turning it into just a beautiful but incoherent spectacle. But the children wouldn't have it. It was a ghastly failure.

The Melvilles never make mistakes like that. When one says "Lyceum Pantomine" one knows that it will be the real thing. It will be crowded, spectacular, and gorgeous with lots of fun thrown in. But the time-honoured story it represents—*The Sleeping Beauty* this year—will not be tampered with. It will be according to the "book" as the children expect it to be.

Only the producer of pantomime, indeed, knows the extent to which youthful critics will bombard him if he makes a break. One year in a certain pantomime Dick Whittington escaped from an island by aeroplane, but forgot to take his cat. Next day began a flood of letters from youngsters demanding to know how the cat got away.

That producer has been more careful ever since.

In a couple of days from the time this appears in print the curtain will be rung up on the London pantomimes. At the date at which it was written the rehearsals of those pantomimes were only in preparation for what is known as "dovetailing." That is to say—the "principals" were being rehearsed in one place and the choruses in another. Both, however, were rapidly reaching that stage of progress when they could be profitably introduced to each other on the stage of the theatre for "dovetailing."



PANTOMIME PREPARATIONS FOR *DICK WHITTINGTON*: Behind the scenes and in the famous Rehearsal Rooms in Poland Street, active preparations are on foot for the Hippodrome performance. Mr. Leslie Henson is seen dangling a bunch of carrots before the fascinated gaze of Miss Fay Compton, while Mr. Julian Wylie presides over the scene

This is perhaps the most interesting stage of pantomime rehearsal. Principals stand out individually and sharply, and choruses stand out collectively against backgrounds of bare walls.

Let us take a look at them. First—at the Lyceum. That, thanks to the Melvilles, is now London's established home of legitimate pantomime.

It is a tradition of the house that the first rehearsal of the principals shall be held in the red-plush, gilded bar. So, over the bar, leaned the producer like a rubicund landlord. Before him were Norton and Gold, who introduce their own stuff. They looked like a couple of prosperous but woebegone jockeys. They gyrated at a high speed and "pattered" so fast that I could not follow them. But the producer nodded his head. Seemingly they were word-perfect. In a corner, diminutive Miss Sally Stewart—surely the tiniest Sleeping Beauty there has ever been—was saying, "You know, dear—" to Miss Kitty Riedy over a friendly cup of tea. Archie Glenn, King Rola-Bola, was looming and glooming in the background.

Just up the road, at the back of Bow Street Police Court to be precise, the chorus was being put through its paces. They were nearly ready for "dovetailing" with their principals down the road in the bar.

For racket commend me to the Rehearsal Rooms in Poland Street, in which labyrinthian building there is sufficient accommodation for a hundred different companies to rehearse in separate rooms at the same time. Thousands—at least it seemed to be thousands—of girls were stamping, impassioned heroes were shouting, and somewhere down in the basement bands were in full blast.

In the centre of one of the rooms stood Miss Fay Compton—Dick Whittington at the Hippodrome—who was exclaiming, quite pleasantly, "Now, you men—now, you men!" This was an intimation for every male to clear out, while she proceeded behind locked doors to practise her steps by the hour.

Will she make a good Principal Boy?

The producer, pinning his faith to tradition, says that the theatre is in her blood and that she will be "immense."

In a neighbouring room the chorus master was getting his troupes into position—the Tiller Girls, the other dancers, his show girls, his "mediums"—that's the mass of young women who fill most of the stage—and his children. He got them all into their allotted places at last. "One!—Two!" And they were off—or should one say on?—for the next six or eight hours.

Down in Shaftesbury Avenue Mr. Slater, in the absence of Mr. Wylie, was listening to the gabbled lines of others of the *Dick Whittington* principals. Leslie Henson, for instance, as Jack, the Idle Apprentice. Jack—or Leslie, which ever you prefer—was alternately flirting with the Sultan of Morocco's daughter, or chivvying the cat. In each occupation he was so irresistibly funny that even Mr. Slater, who has been rehearsing pantomimes for thirty years and who looks like the finest type of family solicitor, could not maintain his severely legal air.

And now we come to Mr. Ladler's *Mother Goose* at Daly's. Unfortunately I missed the rehearsal of the principals, but they say that George Lacy—"our George" as they call him in this family company—will make all London rock. Let's hope so. What I recall best from all this long round were Mr. Ladler's Sunbeams—thirteen of them all sitting in a row; they seemed so much alike that they might have been "thirteenlets." They wore neat little red and white check dresses covered with grey cloaks.

They wanted particularly to see "Bookin'am Palace" and the Zoo, and, "Please, sir, did Mr. Ladler own all the theatres?"

Next I saw them marching, all in neat brown coats and hats, in a schoolgirl crocodile into a vast rehearsal room at the London Opera House. But the matron soon had them out of their brown coats, and Max Rivers—of *White Horse Inn* fame—whisked them on to the stage in front of his chorus. And there they were, singing "Windmill City" with Miss Marda Vanne.

It was wonderful to watch Max Rivers with these children. He seemed to understand the individual idiosyncrasies of each small foot and each small hand. Before the evening was out he had made finished artists of them. And not one of them had been in pantomime before. If I could, I would go every night to hear them sing "The Sun has Put His Hat On."

Well, that's pantomime. But one has to write a postscript. It would be unkind and unfair to omit those regular Christmas-time plays which, though not strictly pantomime, have delighted millions of children.

I watched Miss Nancy Price rehearsing *Alice in Wonderland* at the Little. She has a new Alice—little Miss Laverick, who has never been on the stage before—who just walked in in response to an advertisement for a child who looked like the part. She looks a good deal more than the part. She is just Alice.

Then *Peter Pan*. Sitting in the gloom of the stalls at the Palladium, I saw Mr. Lichfield Owen, who returns from retirement each Christmas to rehearse Barrie's play.

This is the twenty-eighth year he has rehearsed it.

On the stage were Peter and Wendy and Tootles and Michael all getting well into their parts. This is the sixth year that Jean Forbes-Robertson has played Peter. Sir James declares that she is the best Peter that he has ever had. He looks in at rehearsal once every year to make sure of his Peter.

Last, but by no means least, one comes to *Where the Rainbow Ends*—the play which Miss Conti bought when she was in hospital twenty-one years ago at a time when she couldn't afford it and which, thanks to the initial help she got from Mr. Gulliver, has been an annual winner ever since.

I sat in the dress circle at the Holborn Empire beside Miss Conti, heard her instructions to her children down on the stage, and afterwards listened to her as she talked about the children she has started on their careers. At least ten thousand must have passed through her hands. Many of them are now players of world-wide repute.

Every year she brings *Where the Rainbow Ends* just a little bit up-to-date. So this year, as the world is beset with so many troubles, St. George—a handsome young man who looks about eight feet high—has a telling little speech with a spot of "uplift" in it. Not enough to get on your nerves, but enough to make the kids yell. And when St. George defeats the Dragon, it brings the house down.

And here is a curious and pathetic little touch—every year to the dress rehearsal, Miss Conti invites hundreds of poor children. Now these children have never been in a theatre before. They may have been to the "pictures," but they have never seen a play. This, therefore, is an experience which first rouses them to a pitch of ecstasy and then leaves them almost numb from reaction.

What a pity they can't all be "Sunbeams"!

THE BIGGEST "NIGHT OUT" in HISTORY

Will the French Default Shock America into Debt Revision and thus Bring Prosperity? Or will it, by Smashing Up Treaties, Plunge Europe into Chaos?

By JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

On Monday, December 12, 1932, the deputies of the French Chamber treated themselves to the biggest "night out" in history. To overthrow a government at any time gives the individualist French deputy the greatest "kick," but to defy the United States—nay, the whole world, at the same time—! Words fail to describe the pitch of glorious exhilaration attained.

Faced in the days before with a dozen dilemmas on the to pay or not to pay question, the whole Chamber right up to the last moment banked on the United States acceptance of the only way out—payment with some kind of reserves or other. This was not forthcoming. Consequently, deputies entered upon the debate like undergraduates who know for certain that they are going to be ploughed in their finals, so why not let the world go hang and go out on a glorious blind the night before?

The next morning's "hang-over" was so profound that its fumes are not really dissipated even now.

To the shattered deputies returning to partial consciousness, the Chamber must have seemed littered with broken bottles of priceless vintage wines. The label on the Béranger-Mellon, 1926, was hardly recognizable; of Lausanne, 1931, there seemed no traces; but — cruellest suggestion of unreliable morning-after eyes—if Versailles, 1919, was in its place all right; its bottles looked cracked; could it be that that great, if heady, wine so frequently savoured by French palates was really oozing slowly into the general mess of Europe Vins Ordinaires on the floor?

Through a haze the deputies saw the college Dean —President Lebrun—preparing, in consultation with his specialists, a pick-me-up for them—an American Prairie Oyster, namely, some kind of payment to America—the only drink that they had refused the night before! If the crowned head lies uneasy, the mantled prophet is always being made to walk the plank, but resigned by now to his fate, he can at least utter his prophecy, and I say here and now that disguised under whatever formula is convenient, France will eventually effect a settlement with America which will avoid the appearances of irrevocable default.

But the kindly providence which watches over the incapacitated reveller was watching over the world, if not altogether over France, on the night of December 12, which I have called, not without reflection, the biggest "night out" in history, because I believe that for reasons to be outlined it will take its place along with the Battle of Marathon, Waterloo, 1066, and all that. Why?

Because France has done the right thing, and because she has done it in the wrong way, and because she will from an insular point of view, hold a roaring baby.

The British Note to the United States on November 30 explained the paralysing effects on world prosperity of the tangled maze of reparations and debt payments. (Let me say in parenthesis that this is no obscurely worded document, referring incomprehensibly to other obscurely worded documents, but a model of lucidity, giving a complete economic history of the post-war years, which anyone who wants to grasp what has happened to us all should not fail to read.) Informed opinion in the United States, and indeed all over the world agrees substantially with its arguments. The moment to strike a final settlement of international war debts has arrived. But democratic governments are slow to action and by the time that the American Congress has moved forward to revised settlement from debating point to debating point, chaos may have already overtaken Europe.

Default by France, a first-class world Power, was the last thing expected in the United States. The impossible has, however, happened and has given a rude shock to responsible American opinion. In the face of all the catastrophic consequences that would ensue from failure to find a way out of the situation created by the Chamber of Deputies, America has been rushed breathlessly along the last lap of debt settlement.

But why is it to America's interest to find this way out? Why should she not stand by her pound of flesh?

Because the Lausanne agreements virtually wiped out reparations. Britain and France cannot and will not pay the United States if Germany does not pay them. American insistence on payment would bring back the curse of reparations, together with ten times increased international bitterness and hatred in Europe. There would not only be an end to disarmament—in which America is vitally interested—there would be no chance of recovering prosperity, as well as every possibility of war.

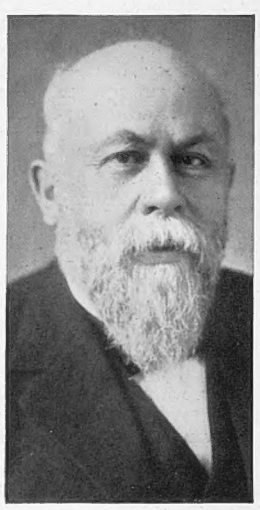
Is it necessary to state that Americans are not one whit less kindly human beings than ourselves? Apart from the fact, therefore, that owing to the economic interdependence of the world, they would be further than ever from economic recovery and would be disastrously hit by another European war, such a prospect of chaos is too terrible for them to contemplate with folded arms.

So that, at least in my view, France is to be thanked for cutting ruthlessly out with one smashing blow, procastinating debates and diplomatic notes, and thus presenting the United States and the world with the realities of the desperate European situation.

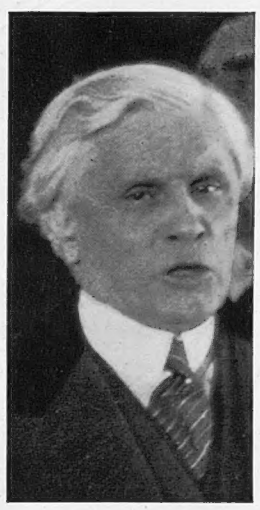
Thus, indirectly, France has helped us by giving our own future negotiations with the United States a greater chance of success on the one hand, because good feeling is naturally aroused towards a debtor who meets his obligations, and on the other hand, because France's default shows that the situation is serious in fact and not in theory alone. While wholly approving the British payment on December 15, I suggest that in common decency and gratitude to France we should avoid putting on airs of moral superiority because we kept our word when we are going to reap the benefit of France's broken promises.

This is not to say that France has run no risks from the action of her deputies. If my reading of the situation is wrong and the United States can be persuaded only to some inadequate debt revision which jeopardizes the Lausanne agreement, it will be the "night out" of December 12 which will have led to the return of the internal European debt problem with all its potentialities for bitterness and strife. What is more, indeed, is that despite the ingenious efforts of casuistry to prove the legality of her action, France, the great post-War stickler for the sacredness of treaties, has not paid £3,800,000 on the date on which she promised that she would. Ironic German comment upon this has not been lacking. France has lowered her moral prestige in Europe, and despite its intangibility, moral prestige still counts for much in getting one's own way in international negotiations.

THE INTEREST OF THE PUBLIC: The political consciousness of France in fiscal questions may be conjectured by the crowd that waited in the rain to obtain the latest news concerning "To pay or not to pay"



THE NEW FINANCE MINISTER: M. Henri Chéron who has a hard row to hoe in the newly-formed Paul-Boncour Cabinet



THE NEW PREMIER, M. Paul-Boncour, who has succeeded where M. Chautemps failed, in forming a Government

THE PRESS REPORTS *LA CRISE*: The scene in the Press Room at the Elysée after the crushing defeat of the Herriot Government and the staggering decision to default

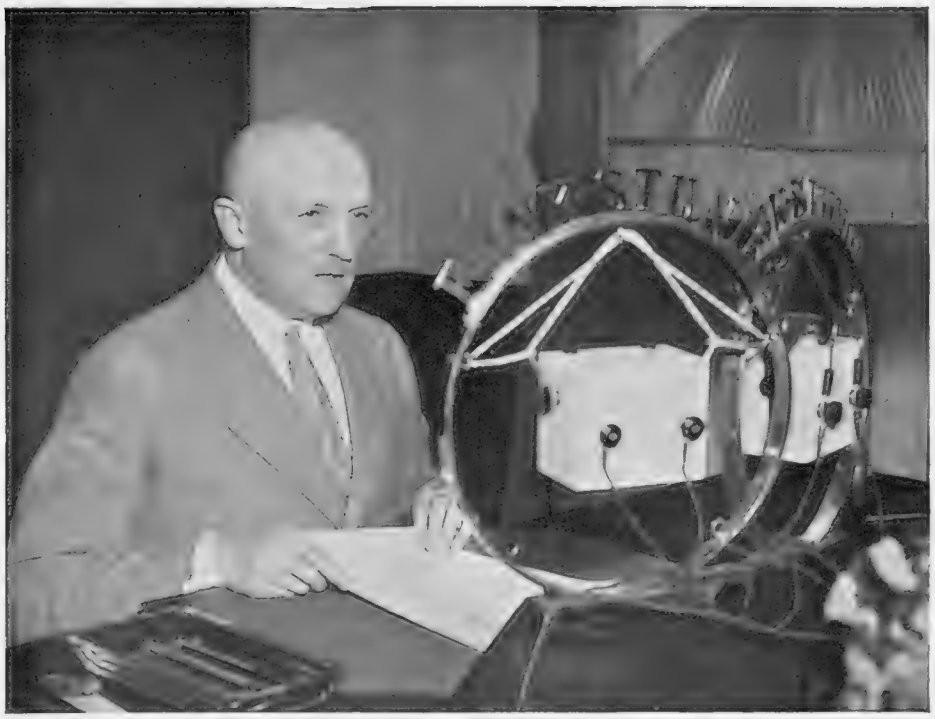
Germany cannot fail to be impressed with treaty breaking—by France of all nations. I do not say that she will boldly tear up Versailles, but casuistry analogous to that used to defend the French default can also be used to defend equally iconoclastic ways of dealing with the Polish Corridor, not to mention lost colonies. Again, many valuable international contacts made and much work done by M. Herriot will be lost. However different their aims and hopes, statesmen are—like ordinary mortals—moved by personal likes and dislikes. M. Herriot and Mr. MacDonald and, in the last few weeks, General von Schleicher, had begun to work well together, and the sudden rupture in their relationships involved in the change in the government in France will, I suggest, also help to lessen French authority in Europe.

As to the internal French situation, the deputies have had their fling, and I believe that every effort will be made to avoid both the reproach and the evil effects of the default. If the United States can find the means to grant a settlement without compelling the Chamber to eat its words—a settlement will be reached.

Alone M. Herriot has emerged from December 12 with reputation enhanced, both at home and abroad. At home because he cannot be blamed for any misfortunes that may befall his country through its default, and abroad because he stood uninfluenced by the passions of the moment for the honour of France's signature and for settlement in an orderly way. For, although I believe it to be true that in the end the French default will bring benefits to the world as a whole, they will have been won by a fluke. If every government resorted to such methods whenever a problem seemed insoluble, we could say good-bye to civilization.

Whether the decision of December 12 causes the hastening on of a final debt settlement and thus leads to a peaceful and prosperous world, or whether it causes such passions in the United States as to make adequate settlement impossible and thus leads to chaos in Europe, it will in either event have proved its claim to go down as the biggest "night out" in history.

A WORLD SURVEY



THE CHANCELLOR OF GERMANY: General von Schleicher who has been appointed to this high office by President von Hindenburg in succession to his erstwhile chief, Herr von Papen

THE OPENING OF THE NEW ENTRANCE TO THE VATICAN MUSEUMS which has been constructed on the boundary wall of the Papal State known as Vatican City, was performed by the Pope a few days ago. A superb staircase is a feature of the entrance

ENGLAND IN ITALY: The Villa Rosebery, Posillipo, presented last Spring to the Italian Government by Lord Rosebery, together with its furniture and its collection of pictures, hasnow been handed over. In his letter to Signor Mussolini, offering the property, Lord Rosebery referred to "the beauty of its gardens and its incomparable setting in the Bay of Naples," which had caused it to be included in the list of Italian national monuments. "I consider myself fortunate," he said, "in being able to transmit it through your Excellency, who presides so illustriously and devotedly over the destinies of Italy." Signor Mussolini, in reply, said: "It is needless to assure you that the gift of Villa Rosebery will have in Italy the most cordial appreciation, not only because of the historical and artistic value of the property itself, but as a memorial of the noble statesman whose name it shall always bear"

MASCAGNI—SEVENTY YEARS YOUNG is seen above in the uniform of an Italian Academician with Signor Umberto Giordano and Don Lorenzo Perosi on his seventieth birthday which he celebrated by conducting a concert of his own work at the Italian Club

THE WAR MINISTER OF MANCHUKUO, Mr. Chang Ching-lui (second from left), is seen above on his arrival at the Central Station, Tokio, to inspect the annual manœvures held in the environs of Osaka

KING FEISAL OF IRAQ with his brother, ex-King Ali, at a garden party held recently in Bagdad. Iraq is all agog at the moment to see what steps are going to be taken by Britain in Persia

1918: LONDON'S WELCOME TO PRESIDENT WILSON: The scene in Trafalgar Square when the apostle of democracy and self-determination, poised precarious on his Fourteen Points, came to play his part on the International stage—A Christmas scene of strange import

CHRISTMASES

All Busy and Charged with be Dull—an Examination of

By CHARLES

1918: GENERAL ELECTION: As a result of this Christmas election the Wee Free party vanished and one woman (Lady Astor) was returned to Parliament

One of the chief fallacies of the newspaper-reading public is that nothing ever happens (and consequently there is never any news) at Christmas. Nothing could be more untrue. Too much happens at this time of year.

Possibly an astrologer could explain the phenomenon, but if you look at the files of any newspaper the queer fact emerges that for the past fourteen years Royalty, fires, murders, Greece, Egypt, air disasters, and shipping mishaps have supplied the bulk of the news at Christmas.

1918 This week I propose to recapitulate some of the events which made the front page in the late Decembers since the War. In 1918, the Armistice having existed only a few weeks, the news was still directly or indirectly connected with the War. Thus you read in the newspapers of Christmas Eve that the first eight Germans had returned to Paris and had promptly been thrown into prison. Another item that day was the Army order about the 1914–1915 medal and the troops entitled to wear the ribbon; a Naval correspondent divulged the fact that 516 ships had been added to the Navy during the War, including 230 destroyers; while a Swiss doctor estimated that 6,000,000 people had died of Spanish 'flu since March—which contrasted with the four-and-a-half years which it had taken the War to kill 6,000,000. In the pantomimes all records were beaten. The two main hits at Drury Lane were "When I get my Civvies on" and "When our Boys come Home." A critic strongly praised this "neat" adaptation of "Home sweet Home," and quoted a whole lyric beginning "We'll shout hip hip hooray, on the Happy, Happy Day."

Over in New York nine idiotic revellers ate a roast turkey in an aeroplane—which was considered very daring. The great event in London was President Wilson's triumphant arrival and drive through the streets of London to Buckingham Palace. Descriptive reporters out-superlatived themselves, ending with the paragraph, "'I am deeply touched' was the President's simple acknowledgment." Two separate stories arrived from Berlin. One said that the theatres were packed and that there was dancing until dawn. The other described the fierce fighting in Berlin with the sailors revolting and trying to capture the Chancellery, and the pitched battles in the Wilhelmstrasse. Back in England the first official of the defaulting post-War thrift clubs was duly imprisoned, and the engagement of Princess Patricia of Connaught to Commander Ramsay caused wild excitement. The two final items of the 1918 Christmas week were the birth of *The Sunday Express* (but with no portly viscount to daub the second page) and the General Election, as a result of which Asquith and his followers vanished and one woman was elected to Parliament. Oh, yes! and twelve Victoria Crosses were gazetted, five of them to Australians.

1921: THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA: The visit to Calcutta was marred by the "mourning strike"

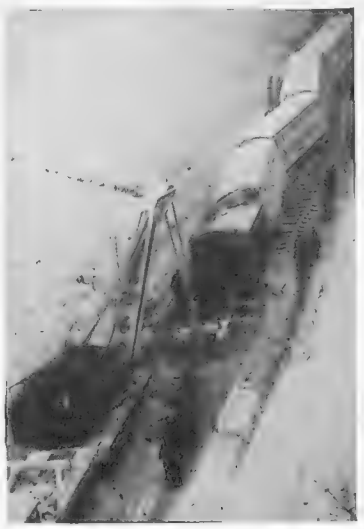
1922: LAWRENCE OF ARABIA was revealed in the person of Aircraftsman Shaw, R.A.F.

1919 Christmas week of 1919 was enlightened by every possible news item. Prince Carol of Rumania (as he then was) tried to commit suicide for love of Madame Labrino, and was shut up with his wound in a monastery for his pains. Fourteen girls were burnt to death in Newcastle. A policeman was done to death. There was a murder at Blackpool (in the sandhills as usual). Mutt and Jeff appeared on the stage at Drury Lane. The building of Bush House was foreshadowed. The first seven women magistrates, headed by Lady Crewe and Mrs. Lloyd George, were elected. Matt Wells got a hiding from Kid Lewis, and an avalanche killed nine people at Davos.

1920 The following Christmas also supplied the news-editor with enough material to keep the sub-editors busy for days, if he had wished. There was a nice fight between D'Annunzio's legionaries and the Italian troops, though the casualties of only 130 seemed rather piffling so soon after the War. At a dance in Bruff in Limerick the Sinn Feiners fired on our military police, murdering one of them and losing five of their own men. Mrs. Leeds was recognized as Royalty in Greece. Caruso had pleurisy, which was estimated to cost him £280 a day. The first of the New York "Kings of the underworld" was murdered in the person of Monk Eastman. There was a call for a halt in Naval armaments, and Bob Sievier was reported to be the first big winner at Monte Carlo. Only five or six lines were devoted to the optimism of Riviera hotel-keepers and their hopes of making fortunes. It would have been possible to make millions if only one could have remembered the obvious—that after a war there is always an outbreak of gambling, freak fashions, and hectic gaiety. In England the Christmas was said to be the warmest on record. Norma Talmadge made a personal appearance at the Marble Arch Pavilion, and "two excellent English films" were announced. One was called *Sweet and Twenty*. How could we have been so naïve only twelve years ago?

1921 Egypt was the main foreign news in the Christmas of 1921. One of our national newspapers announced "Warships Hurry to Cairo," as though it was a seaside town. Zaghul was causing trouble to Allenby, and had to be pacified forcibly. Turkeys in Smithfield cost 4s. 6d. a lb. Efforts to cause the suppression of submarines came to their final demise. The Prince of Wales's visit to Calcutta was attended by field guns and hussars, but only 5,000 natives appeared owing to the "mourning strike." Gandhi was already becoming a nuisance. Four people were burnt to death at Sheffield; but the real excitement of that Christmas was the discovery of a murdered girl at Bournemouth—her name was Miss Wilkins, and she had gone down in answer to an advertisement. Do you remember the story? The murderer was Henry Allaway, a chauffeur.

1924: The tragedy of Christmas Eve was the crash at Croydon of *D.H. 34* with a casualty list of nine. It was said that the 'plane lost speed in turning and crashed, to burn like paper



1927: BRITAIN UNDER SNOW: A minor railway accident at Merstham

1922 Murder was still in the air in 1922. More than 800 signatories had been obtained for an appeal to release Frederick Bywater, who was under sentence of death. A clue in the Bramhall murder had also been discovered. Everyone discussed murder that Christmas. They also discussed the disclosure that Colonel Lawrence of Arabia had been a mechanic in the Royal Air Force for four months. What a sensation it caused! Prince Andrew of Greece escaped by the skin of his teeth from Athens and the executioners. Three thousand guests dined on Christmas night at the Hotel Cecil. There were gales in the Atlantic. A solicitor at Marylebone asked if a witness was married, to which he received the reply, "No, he is too selfish." Prince Aage of Denmark went into the Foreign Legion. The Act forbidding the entry of Germans into England expired, and Cardinal Logue said that he would hold Mass at Armagh at midnight despite the curfew.

SINCE THE WAR

News Although Expected to the Past Fourteen Christmases

GRAVES

1928: REVOLUTION IN AFGHANISTAN: The ill-fated schemes for Westernization promoted by Amanullah cost him his throne, and in the troublous time of Christmas, 1928, five British aeroplanes, two of which appear above, succeeded in enabling twenty English women and children to escape from Kabul

1923 More murder excitement in 1923. I shall never forget waiting for four hours in the foyer of a certain hotel in the Strand for the return of Major Bailey. He had registered under the name of Greenwood and was expected back. Two detectives and I sat and waited for him. We knew he had a revolver, and it was interesting to see the effect it had on the two men. One told Stock Exchange stories and the other scowled. But all three of us kept our eyes on the door. Major Bailey had murdered his wife. It was not for another week that his body was taken out of the Thames. In Paris the "Red Virgin" was acquitted of murdering M. Plateau by mistake for Léon Daudet, and the French airship *Dixmude* burst into flames and fell into the sea, with the loss of the whole crew of fifty. The commander's body was found in the nets of Sicilian fishermen. Greece popped up in the news again with the imminence of Venizelos's return, while Royalty's activities were evidenced by Prince Eric of Denmark's engagement to the daughter of a millionaire lumberman and the crowning of the Grand Duke Cyril as Tsar of all the Russias. Oh, and there were avalanches at Adelboden.

1924 In 1924, Christmas week saw the death of Mr. T. W. H. Crosland, who wrote *The Unspeakable Scot*, and the Christmas tree tragedy in Oklahoma in which thirty-three lives were lost. Zaghul popped up again in Cairo, and Venizelos in Athens. At Sydney our unfortunate batsmen had to make 903 runs to beat the Australians in the Test match. But the tragedy of 1924 was the terrible smash on Christmas Eve at Croydon in which nine people were killed in the *D.H. 34*. Do you remember? It was said that the machine lost speed while turning. At any rate it crashed, burned like paper, and was a real nine days' wonder.

1925 Harry Lauder secured a record fee for his first broadcast in the Christmas of 1925, which acted up to the ominous example of its predecessors by providing the murder of Edward Richards at Trowbridge and the consequent arrest of the two bombardiers, John Lincoln and Maxwell Stewart. In China there was a war on with Marshal Chang on the front page, and one-armed Sutton in the background. Birmingham censored the censorship. The Prince of Wales registered his colours under the National Hunt rules, and a handful of cat-burglaries were duly carried out.

1926 In 1926, twenty-four unfortunates were drowned in the Channel as a result of a collision between an Elder Dempster liner and a French sailing vessel. King George telephoned across the Atlantic to President Coolidge. Gene Tunney was nearly drowned under the ice in Moosehead Lake near Portland, Maine. There was the usual Test match cricket. Sir Samuel Hoare bravely inaugurated the Imperial Air Route to India, and King Alfonso gave a sensational interview in which he said, "I am a King and I will remain one. My throne is solid because my people love me much more than is understood abroad." Brave words!

1927 There were no murders in Christmas week of either 1926 or 1927. But there was the regular collision at sea, which took place off Cowes, and Mrs. Francis Grayson and her three companions were drowned in trying to fly the Atlantic. The Comtesse Frederick de Janze was fined 16s. 6d. and treated as a first offender after her brief encounter with Mr. Raymund de Trafford. Foot and mouth disease spread over thirteen counties. The whole of England was under snow. The Silver Slipper Club was raided. The City pigeons were rounded up. King Amanullah made a great splash in Cairo.

1928 Exactly a year later in the Christmas of 1928 Amanullah's throne tottered and fell, and with the greatest difficulty and skill five English aeroplanes saved twenty English women and children from Kabul. In England King George was not yet out of danger. Ten days later the King had a slight relapse—what awful days those were! Death claimed Lord Lambourne that Christmas. I shall never forget the sprig of myrtle he wore in his button-hole after the death of his wife. Though it was a green Christmas, there were gales, snow, and earthquakes—the lightship guarding the East Goodwins broke away. There was a bomb attempt on Lord Irwin, but all the time the Stock Market of Wall Street was rising, rising, rising.

1929 Again, exactly a year later, in the Christmas of 1929, it was announced that the King was to make his first broadcast speech since his illness. More gale tragedies occurred in the Channel. The road deaths increased in number on those of the previous Christmas. Miss Sunny Jarman married that double millionaire, Mr. Francis Francis. I was on my honeymoon in the South of France, and it rained almost every day. There was an £11,000 fire at the White House; a "million dollar" party given for Miss Doherty: Patrick Flood, a 115-year-old Irishman died. But no news from Greece or Athens.

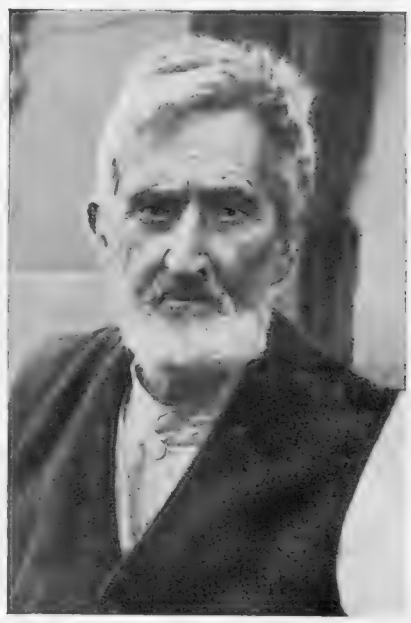
1928: EXPLOSION IN LONDON: The Christmas of 1928 was marked by a serious explosion and fire in Bloomsbury

1930 In 1930 Christmas was enlivened by the musical-comedy revolution, if that is the word, against the hereditary Prince Louis of Monaco, and it looked for a time as though he would follow Amanullah and Alfonso and Prince Andrew. Eleven people were warned off the dog tracks. The late Lord Melchett fell ill. Lloyd George gave a sharp warning to the Government, and there was some trouble about the possibility of infringing the copyright of the Bible. Murder reared its ugly head again. There was the usual fire tragedy, but in Stuttgart. Graveside jeers attended the funeral of Jack Diamond. Two storeys of the Vatican library collapsed and nearly killed the Pope, Nefertiti also figured in the news.

1931 The Christmas of 1931 was ushered in by the death of Lionel Powell, that great and philanthropic impresario, and an account of how Scotland Yard detectives imitated the scream of Vera Page in the hopes that they would be able to check up on the distance she could be heard while she was being murdered. There was the usual big fire, that of the St. Austell and Carlyon Bay Hotel. Other news was the return of Eros to Piccadilly Circus and the Culbertson-Lenz Bridge Marathon in New York.

What will happen this Christmas, I wonder? By the law of averages there should be fires and murders if nothing else. What do the astrologers say about it?

1929: BETROTHAL: Miss Sunny Jarman and her double millionaire fiancé, Mr. Francis Francis



1929: MR. PATRICK FLOOD, the Irish centenarian, who died three Christmases ago at the age of 115

1930: THE VATICAN LIBRARY: A portion of which collapsed two years ago nearly killing the Pope in its fall

1931: FIRE, the seemingly inevitable concomitant of Christmas, broke out last year at the St. Austell and Carlyon Bay Hotel, completely gutting the interior

REFEREE REQUIRED: A bear scrap at Belle Vue, Manchester Zoo

BRUIN'S CHRISTMAS

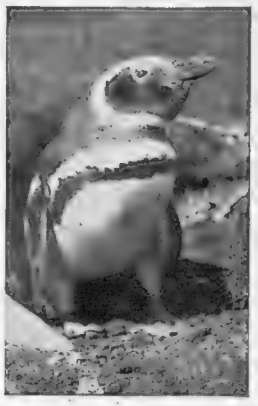
On left—THIN ICE! The brown bear at Whipsnade determines not to skate

A NICE ICE: The brown bear at Whipsnade, having tested the ice for its stability, and found it unsafe—an incident seen in the inset picture—finds another use for it and consumes it by the sheet!

PENGUIN EGGS

SUN BATHING: Jackass penguins on a sandy beach of the Falkland Islands

Penguin eggs have been brought from South Africa for sale in London and become a popular article of diet. They may be cooked in various ways. To one who has lived for many years surrounded by penguins of three different species, it is amusing to read instructions to "boil them hard for twenty-five minutes, shell them, cut them in half lengthwise, and then serve each half on a lettuce leaf with a thin slice of pineapple covered with mayonnaise sauce and garnished with sliced pickled gherkins." This is penguin egg *de luxe à la Lucullus*. In the Falkland Islands thousands of these eggs are eaten annually, but minus the pineapple and pickled gherkin part of it.



THE JACKASS PENGUIN, not such an ass as its name, before its underground home

If a shepherd is lucky enough to have a penguin rookery on his ground he will not only enjoy the pleasure of the eggs as a change from his daily mutton, but he will also have visitors from all penguinless sides come to cadge what eggs they can.

The usual method of cooking and eating is to boil hard and eat either hot or cold with salt, pepper or vinegar to taste. A smart bash on the table of one's boot will bring the egg into an easily shellable state.

THE MOTHER AND HER BROOD: A Gentoo penguin watching over her newly-hatched young

Of the three main varieties of penguin eggs in the Falkland Islands, those of the Gentoo are the favourite. The yokes are a bright orange-red colour. These eggs are also excellent when lightly boiled or fried; personally, I preferred them fried to any other way. Although not exactly fishy, the taste tells one that the egg was laid by a seafaring bird.

The Jackass penguin lays its two eggs in a burrow underground, and these are not so easy to collect as those of the Gentoo penguins, which nest in open rookeries either on a sand beach or upon the land. The Jackass objects strongly to being robbed of her eggs, and bites furiously at the hooked stick or whatever goes in at her front door to pull them out. A collector runs the risk too of getting smothered in Jackass fleas, which are anything but soothing, especially on a warm November night. These eggs are more similar in taste to a hen's egg than those of the other penguins, but being more unpleasant and harder to gather, are not so popular.

The smaller Rockhopper penguins (called locally Rockies) lay a slightly bluish egg which is more pointed than the other kinds. Nesting close together in huge rookeries upon the top of a cliff or on sloping ground, these slightly pointed eggs are not so apt to roll as the rounder varieties. However round, the Jackass eggs cannot very well roll out of the nest, and the same with the Gentoo. So Nature provides a suitable shape for each species. A Rocky egg has a far-away taste of sardine about it, but this is lost when mixed with hen or wild goose eggs in cakes, puddings or omelettes.

Having a Rocky rookery within ten minutes' walk from our house, we would take over a wheelbarrow and baskets, and collect these eggs by the hundred to put down in waterglass or lime for the winter.

Eggs from the Gentoo Rookery were a good mile away, so quantities were usually carried home on horseback. Fortunately the shells are very hard. I remember bringing home forty in my pockets one day intact.

PENGUIN FRUIT! A basket of Rockhopper penguin eggs washed ready for preservation

FROM ENGLAND'S COUNTRYSIDE

RICE GRASS RECLAIMING LAND FROM THE SEA: The curious type of grass, used in East Anglia, grows in the mud left by the tide and is not shifted by subsequent marine inundations. With the passage of time the mud becomes soil capable of enduring the plough. A scene of reclamation at Manningtree, Essex

PLANTING RICE GRASS AT MANNINGTREE as the strikingly successful method of land reclamation recently evolved. Roots of this reclamation grass are being sent to all parts of the Empire

MAIDSTONE'S TITHE BARN has now been transformed into a museum for the exhibition of antique agricultural implements used in bygone days in that county whose fertility caused it to be christened "the Garden of England"

"LITTLE BO-PEEP," alias Miss Freda Gibbons, West Somerset's "Bo-Peep" who, at the age of seventeen, has carried off the Champion Shepherd prize at Williton Show for the seventh year in succession

A MEASURING WHEEL, used in bygone days for measuring land, is now on exhibition at the Old Tithe Barn at Maidstone, now a museum

"BAMBOO" MADE IN KENT: Saplings of ash are specially treated so as to resemble bamboo at a Kentish farm. The canes are subsequently sold as walking sticks

THE GLEAMING CONE OF FUJI YAMA, seen from above Lake Ashinoko, just before the author turned away towards Mishima

HIKING

Insight into the thought and mode of living of a foreign country is difficult to obtain in a limited space of time unless the traveller, be he student or tourist, makes up his mind to abandon the company of his own kind and live in the same surroundings and in the same manner as the people whom he is trying to study. A traveller who makes his way round the world in a luxurious liner, and when he lands takes a room at a fashionable hotel, has learnt less of the countries and the people he has visited than an intelligent workman who studies geography at a night school. He will probably return to his native city loaded with photographs of travelling companions in exotic surroundings and possibly a few curios which, after being left lying about the house, will be relegated to the lumber-room, but his impressions will have little to do with the native thought or culture and be rather based on the degree of modern comfort which the local hotels have afforded him.

During all my travels in different parts of the world I have always avoided as far as possible the tourist hotels and made a point, at least once during my stay in a country, of taking a walking tour, preferably in some fairly remote district where the world traveller is not, and I have found that after two or three days on the open road my mind has become attuned to the minds of the people with whom I have been coming in contact. To walk "off the beaten track" in Japan is, however, not as easy as in some countries as, owing to the progress of intensive civilization, some of the remotest districts have been opened up and the Japanese, being an ardent tourist himself, carries modernities to places which a comparatively short time ago were unknown.

I therefore decided not to waste time in a long train journey to some supposedly wild district, and confined my walk to the Izu Peninsula, not more than 100 miles from Tokio, but almost virgin of railways.

The hiker in Japan has one great advantage over his colleague in other countries in that he can travel without any form of baggage; even a toothbrush, a comb, or a piece of soap are unnecessary as the inns supply everything.

THE HANDMAIDEN OF THE INN is seen standing near its entrance at Shimoda. The inns provide you with a female back rubber for one's bath, and so naturally is the convention observed that no *arrière pensée* obtrudes

DWARF TREES DECORATE THE SHUZENJI side inn was extremely chaste in its deco by annual root-cutting, enhance

A JAPANESE WAYSIDE INN in which the author stayed at Shuzenji during his ramble on foot through the Japanese countryside. The eaves overhang a dark pool from which the waters descend in a gleaming cascade

The evening of my arrival at my first resting place, a small village beside a placid green lake above which Fuji Yama rose up in majestic symmetry, I found myself surrounded by a host of hotel-keepers bowing themselves to the ground as they called out the advantages of their respective inns with tariffs for board and lodging. These tariffs, incidentally, vary according to the rank or position of the guest, poor men paying less than middle-class travellers who, in turn, do not pay as much as noblemen, while people of exalted rank do not even ask for a bill, but make a present to the innkeeper, greatly in excess of the value of what they have received. I do not know how they gauged my social status, but it was not that of a poor man, neither was it that of a nobleman.

Having once selected my hotel, chiefly because the proprietor assured me that he could supply me with a foreign breakfast (I like Japanese food for lunch and dinner, but I find it difficult to swallow rice and raw fish at seven in the morning), the other innkeepers faded away, and I followed my host to his inn where the female staff in bright kimonos bowed me in with appropriate remarks to the effect that I was degrading my honourable self in passing the threshold of their unworthy dwelling, in the same way that Chinamen on meeting will ask if all goes well in the exalted friend's to be envied castle, and be told that the humble acquaintance's miserable hovel is still waiting the honour of the noble lord's visit. This Oriental politeness is a bit disconcerting at first, and makes it hard for the foreigner picking up the language to unravel statements of importance from mere formalities. However, the bowing once over I removed my boots, and putting on slippers went to my room, where I drank the traditional cup of green tea, after which I exchanged my dirty walking clothes for a pair of kimonos, one made of cotton to be worn next the skin, the other as an outside cover of padded silk. Thence to the inevitable bath and the inevitable scrubbing of the back by the maid. This washing of male travellers by female servants takes a long time to get used to, and there is nothing to be done about it, for if one did protest that having washed all over all one's life it was too late to start a new process, the Japanese would merely think that it was a further proof of the foreigner's reputed dirty habits.

That is a curious difference between the Chinese and the Japanese people, for the former consider that we make too much fuss about the cleanliness of our homes and bodies, whereas the latter regard the fact that we walk about houses in muddy boots and do not bath before every meal as a sign of filth. Once washed the maid produced a toothbrush in a sterilized packet, some coarse salt in the place of tooth powder, and a comb, after which I was escorted to my room where my evening meal awaited me. It was only 6.30, but the Japanese have early habits, so I eat my rice and raw fish and thin soup seasoned with fungus and ginger roots, and drank sake out of a thimble-like cup.

When dinner was over I decided to take a stroll and look at the lake in the moonlight; but had I known how painful a walk in getta, or Japanese clogs, could be I do not think that even the sight of Fuji rising up ghostly from the glittering water would have tempted me. The getta, a pair of flat pieces of wood raised from the ground by two other flat pieces and adorned with a toe thong, are supposed to fit the sole of a Japanese foot, but are always too small for a European and are to my mind the most pain-giving form of footwear ever devised. In the first place, the foreigner's toes, not being prehensile like those of the Japanese, have difficulty in grasping the thong,

THROUGH JAPAN: A First-hand Impression of Town and Country from the Road by a "Sphere" Commissioner now in Japan

By R. V. C. BODLEY

and when this difficulty has been overcome it is found that even when balance has been established progress at any speed or in a required direction is almost entirely a matter of chance. I did not actually fall down, but it was only luck which prevented me from spraining my ankles. Besides this clog complication, I felt very self-conscious in a flapping kimono which, having been made for a Japanese of medium height, only came down to the middle of my calves, but I noticed that the people in the street took much less notice of me than when I walked about in shorts.

The British are, I think, the only race which wears rational dress to suit the occasion, and shorts somehow cause surprise to all other nationals, be they Dutch, French, or Japanese. Even these latter people, though they have for the most part adopted Western clothes, always revert to getta and kimono on the slightest pretext, which, to my mind, are the most unsuitable combination for anything except crossing a farmyard or lying down for a siesta.

After leaving the loveliness of Lake Ashinoko my route took me through great mountains until I came down to the fertile plains about Mishima, intensely cultivated. Rice field succeeded rice field, village followed village until once again I began to climb through lovely forests of firs and maple trees scarlet in their autumn tints.

I spent one night at Shuzenji, a renowned watering place for those suffering from sciatica and rheumatism, where in all directions boiling sulphurous water hisses out of the ground. The town is composed entirely of inns and bath houses in which men and women, divided from each other by small partitions and quite visible from the street, bath in noisy intimacy.

WAITING FOR LUNCH AT MISHIMA: As there were no chairs, this was the only way the author could take his ease

INN: The interior of this way-ration. Dwarf trees, kept small its Oriental charm

I had a shave at Shuzenji, but after the experience I decided it was safer to live bearded for the rest of the trip. If there is no other kind of shop in a Japanese village there is always a barber, and the barber will always have customers in the operating chair and others waiting; moreover, a Japanese goes to the hairdresser in earnest. It is not just a question of hair cut or shave, but a serious operation to all parts of the head. When therefore I sat down in the chair and by signs intimated that I needed a shave the assistant looked at me with pity and at once began to massage my scalp with a kind of circular curry comb. As my hair was dusty I allowed him his little fun and, soothed by his hands, incautiously closed my eyes. I must have dozed, for when I looked again in the glass it was to discover with consternation that the man had somehow lathered my head with some soap-like composition which required no water. However, it was too late to protest, so I allowed him to finish the shampoo and firmly prevented him from cutting my hair. He was evidently disappointed, but I was determined and lay back for the shave, but even then my trials were not over as, not content with lathering my chin, he spread soap over my cheek bones and forehead and it was with the utmost difficulty that I prevented him from removing part of my eyebrows, while during the whole of the operation an urchin in a white coat many sizes too large for him endeavoured to seize my hands and manicure them with what appeared to be a set of 'ocksmith's tools.

My journey was now taking me away from tourist tracks, and I climbed up into lovely wooded mountains silent and lifeless. I do not think that I have ever been in a country where there is such a lack of animal or bird life; an occasional golden oriole flashes across the road, sometimes a dove, but there is no sign of deer or squirrels and none of that chirping and other mysterious sounds associated with forests.

Soon after I had started it began to rain, and though I plodded on in the soaking dampness for two hours I finally got so cold that I hailed the first bus that passed me and climbed into its stuffy but warm interior. That is another great advantage of hiking in Japan; there is always a motor-bus service of some sort which will pick up the traveller who, lost or tired, feels that he can walk no farther.

The bus deposited me at Shimoda, a moderately sized fishing village on a colourful bay dotted about with picturesque pine-clad islands reminiscent of prints of old Japan. Shimoda is historically interesting as the scene of Commodore Perry's landing on Japanese soil, and a column commemorates the place where he met the envoys of the Mikado and signed the treaty which was to precipitate Japan into the vortex of Westernization and the race for armaments. I sat for a while beneath this monument which, records an event perhaps more important than the Crucifixion, and wondered what would have happened if Perry and his "black ships" had not thought fit to disembark at Shimoda. Would Japan have been absorbed in one of the colonies of the greedy Powers seeking to spread their conquests farther in the Far East, or would she have drifted into the disorderly anarchy of China? Of one thing I feel certain. Manchukuo and all its attendant trouble could not have been brought about without this sudden revelation of Western development.

At Shimoda I attended the local cinema and sat from seven o'clock till eleven on a couple of cushions on the floor of a matted hall appreciating the advantages of kimonos. I saw three entire films one of which was modern and rather difficult to follow in spite of a man in a kind of pulpit who repeated what the various actors were supposed to be saying (the films were silent), and two blood-curdling tales of Samurai with swords of enormous length with which they fought interminable battles at grossly unfair odds, but always succeeded in winning, chiefly because of the chivalrous attitude of their opponents who allowed themselves to be slaughtered one by one when a general rush must have overwhelmed the hero.

The end of the show was unexpectedly amusing to me as the audience, instead of going to collect their hats from the cloakroom attendant, scrambled for their clogs. I had not the least idea what mine looked like, so I waited till the last and found that my own had been left. The cost of my four hours' entertainment was about threepence.

From Shimoda onwards, I definitely left the beat of tourists or foreigners, and at a place called Oka on the east coast of the peninsula the road ceased to exist at all, and to pick it up again I had to go for ten miles along mountain tracks, sometimes climbing up to the tops of peaks, at others skirting the seashore. But wherever I went, I found hospitality and cleanliness, smiles and gorgeous scenery. I suppose the smiles are the result of the scenery, for who could be unhappy in such a universally beautiful country?

A SHINTO PRIEST wearing the footgear which the author found so painful—a board with two cross-pieces

People talk a lot about the arrogance of the Japanese and his hatred for the foreigner, but I do not agree with these sweeping assertions. The people in Tokio, I admit, sometimes create this impression, but I think it is because they are brought much into contact with foreigners, and often with the wrong sort of foreigners, who go out of their way to make the Japanese feel he is not wanted if not actually inferior. This naturally makes him react antagonistically with, to my mind, full justification. Personally I have always met with the greatest courtesy and consideration from the Japanese, and during the whole of my walking tour I only encountered kindness and help. It is true that in some of the remoter districts my shorts caused undisguised amusement among the school children, but then I suppose if a Japanese in kimono and clogs suddenly appeared in rural Devonshire he would cause more than mere smiles and probably find it difficult to obtain accommodation in the local hotel. But though the children smiled it was done in the friendliest of spirits, and some of the smallest were anxious to air the little English they had learnt in the classroom.

These schools in Japan are a revolution of modern principles of education, for the children, no longer crammed with useless knowledge and regarding the school precincts only as a centre of drudgery, combine organized sports with the daily classroom curriculum. This physical training is doing wonders for the bodies of the new generation.

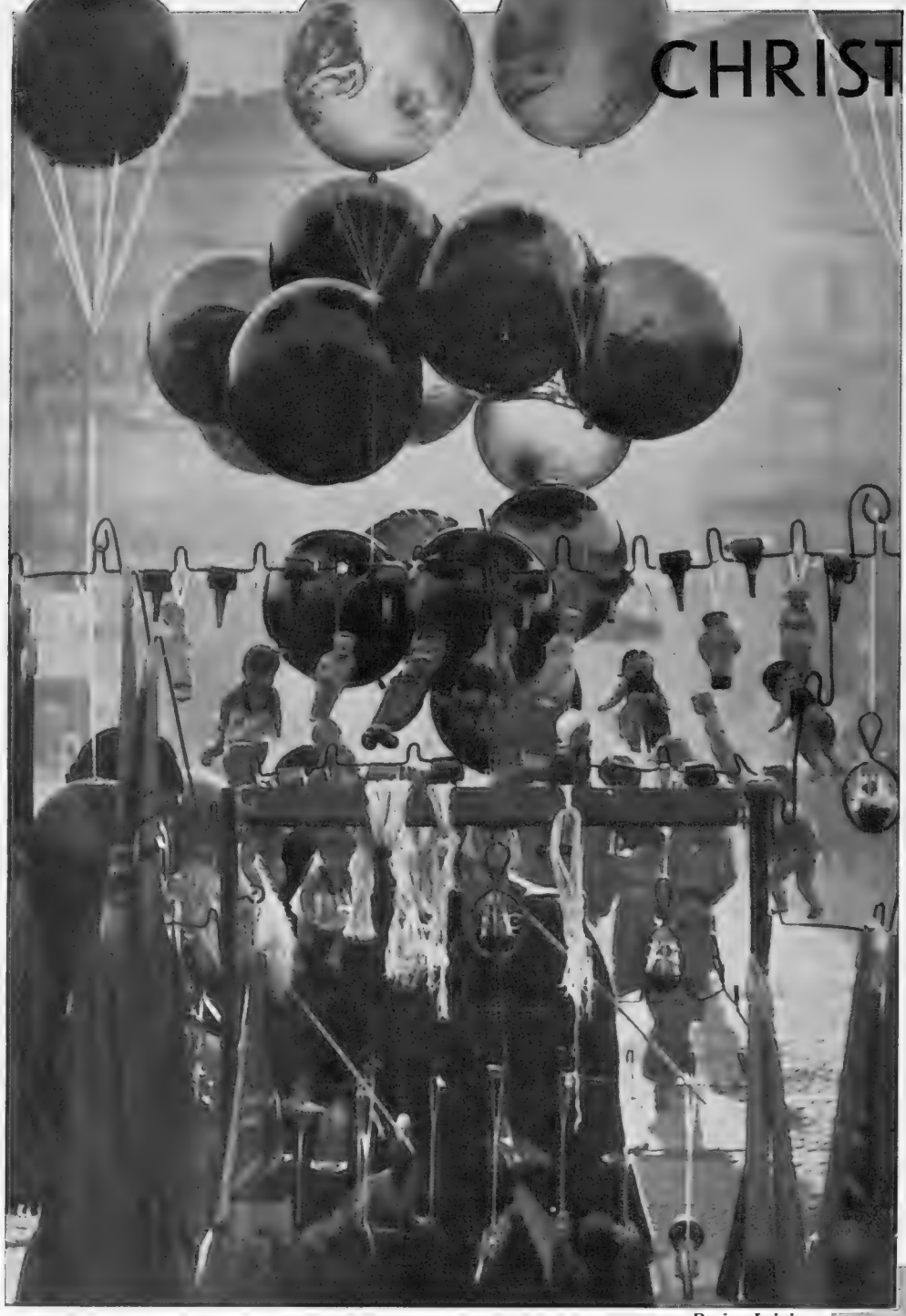
Once I had left the broken road I came into a district known as the Riviera of Japan; and if oranges and palm trees growing out of doors along a rocky coast of great loveliness are the elements required to give it that name, then by all means let it be so.

When finally I reached Atami, where I was to take the train for Tokio, I felt really sorry at leaving these charming country people who had looked after me without any idea of exploitation, the contrast being brought home to me as I entered the foreign hotel and was met by the reception clerk in his ill-fitting morning coat, who asked me suspiciously if I had booked a room, while tourists eyed me with disapproval. Though I admit that I did look a travelstained tramp, bearded and luggageless I was so disillusioned with this first contact with so-called civilization that I walked out of the swinging glass doors, and hurrying up the street bowed and bowed again to the first Japanese hotel-keeper I saw, knowing that he would welcome me and bath me and feed me whether I appeared before him bearded or shaven.

The cost of my walking tour had been negligible, and I strongly recommend any who wish to see Japan as she really is to travel in this way.

THE RIVIERA OF JAPAN: The author visited Atami, where palm trees and oranges grow out of doors. The houses climb up the sides of the wooded bluffs which project into the bay

CHRISTMAS PICTURES



CHRISTMAS ALFRESCO

Dorien Leigh
Dolls dancing on strings and balloons gently swaying in the breeze make of an open-air stall a festal sight

MÄDCHEN IN UNIFORM

The cast at the Duchess Theatre, their Prussian discipline relaxed, help the chef with the pudding

A FRESH-AIR FIEND

A baby in a top floor Hammersmith flat is put out on fine days in a cage

ARTIFICIAL SNOW AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE

Professor A. O. Rankine of the Imperial College of Science is giving the Christmas lectures at the Royal Institute on "The Round of the Waters"

A red hot poker is plunged into meta fuel to evaporate it. It recondenses in minute white particles

THE CHILDREN'S KERBSIDE PARADISE

The northern pa
cry their wares
dolls that run a
likely to f

FOLLOWING IN MOTHER'S—SOAPSUDS

Two tiny children see that everything is clean and tidy for Christmas

A CLASS IN FATHERCRAFT

The class for male parents organized by Mr. Bacon and taught by Mrs. Bacon at Edmonton

THE PUPPET PANTOMIME

An interesting picture taken at the London Marionette Theatre, Stamford Brook, showing the rehearsal of a circus-scene to be given during the Christmas holidays

ern pavement of Holborn is, and has been for many years, a heaven of penny toys. Hawkers wa res—and very attractive and ingenious wares they are, ranging from balloons to mechanical ru n across the kerbstones—in almost medieval fashion. A walk with a child down Holborn is to take ten minutes per ten yards! Big black rubber cats are a feature of the season

FIFTEEN MILES OF SCENERY

The Mickey Mouse Scene for the Julian Wylie Pantomime at the Hippodrome (in which Leslie Henson and Fay Compton are starring) forms part of the 15 miles of scenery being painted at Cricklewood

THE ROOF OF

Bolivia, Land of Moun and a Green Hell of Forest Slopes—the Third of a the Latin

By ROSITA

IN THE SHADOW OF THE MOON MOUNTAINS OF BOLIVIA: The largest tin-mine in the world, Llallagua, where machinery has eliminated man

Bolivia is like no other country in the world. Half of it is as arresting as Hollywood's conception of the moon. The other, according to three very engaging travellers on their first journey, is "Green Hell." Reality lies somewhere between these two extremes; but the contrast between high and low Bolivia is as startling as the communications are inadequate.

The "lunar" altiplano is so nearly devoid of vegetation that anyone who possesses a tree regards it as a sort of pet. It is certain that some of the plateau-dwellers, living at an elevation of anything from 10,000 to 16,000 ft., have never seen a tree in their lives. On the other hand, the Indians of the forests, which are spread like a rough green carpet between the altiplano and the Paraguay River, have probably never seen anything but trees.

There is little connection between the two worlds. The mining wealth of Bolivia is on the plateau. Since the Middle Ages and the Spanish occupation, the country has lived on her silver and her tin. If these fail, she has lead, zinc, antimony and other base metals.

Consequently the green, prolific forests, where clear oil lies in pools ready for the Indians to burn in their lamps where, as in neighbouring Matto Grosso, gold dust sparkles in the river beds; the plains, which rival the best cattle country of Brazil, and the temperate, half-way-house valleys where any crop will grow, are neglected in favour of the arid moon-country thousands of feet up in the air.

Here are mountains wrought of silver and equally spectacular ranges largely composed of tin. The hills look like metal, crumpled and stained with rust and all the lovely colours of iron. The rocks thrust their winged way upwards, each pinion separately eroded. They are red, a blazing, incontrovertible red, which makes one blink.

La Paz, the most spectacular capital in the world, is surrounded by a painted forest of rocks. There are tapers and lances and steeples of rock, but the winged effect persists. In every conceivable colour and in every etiolated shape the crags which surround La Paz spring, flame-like, into the sky. They are so little earth-bound that they suggest a flight of arrows. Above them the 22,000 ft. peak of Illimani in her cloak of snow uses the hours and seasons as her make-up! Broom grows wild on the cliffs and the scent of it permeates the dust. During the Andes eruptions the sky was like distilled copper. In it the stars were splinters of glass. I have never seen such colouring in any other part of the world.

The flower-beds of the plateau are the Chola women in their skirts of many colours. They wear anything up to a dozen, one on top of another; the innermost is no more than 9 ft. wide, but the top one eddies into a magnificent bell measuring up to as many yards.

The Chola, half Indian and half Spanish, has an eye for colour. She thinks nothing of wearing an orange skirt with a Madonna-blue blouse under a cape of flaming rose. Across her shoulders she will tie a shawl of striped crimson and emerald. In it may be a baby in a lemon-coloured velvet hat, looking soberly forwards, two or three live ducks peering backwards, and the very dead head of a sheep.

The market street in La Paz, which climbs giddily from the old walls of St. Francis, is like a palette on to which a reckless painter has squeezed the whole contents of his tubes. At the bottom there are the wheels of fortune, four numbers on each, surrounded by a crowd of gamblers. Monkeys, which are more orange than any other colour, dance gravely to the sound of a guitar. On each side of the climbing street are stalls laden with petticoats, cloaks, and velvet blouses, all of them in elemental colours suited to the clear, washed air which has neither depth nor weight. Under these, in a double row, sit Indians and Cholas, selling all sorts of scraps; empty bottles for chicha, the raw spirit made from maize which is liable to eliminate the strongest sense of discretion after the second gulp; bundles of old keys; frozen potatoes; red peppers and equally scarlet egg-plants; herbs and fat and the fœtuses of unborn llamas all ready to bury under the thresholds of new houses. Bundles of these horrible abortions swing on a stick at 50 cents apiece (about 7d.). They look like bats with grossly exaggerated heads and spilliken legs, but they bring good luck to new buildings, so nobody would think of moving house without one.

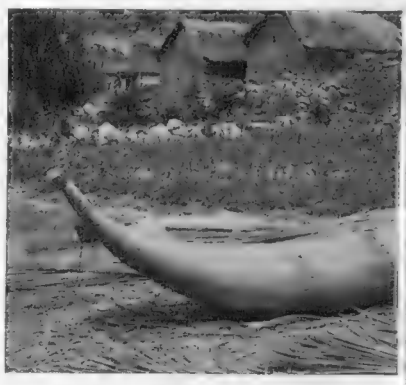
THE WINGED ROCKS OF splendour

A flock of llamas, bringing in their own "natural produce" which, in a timberless altitude, is used for fires, step haughtily through the crowd. Nobody could possibly be rude to a llama. She wouldn't even notice the attempt, and if she spits it is with the assurance of a Victorian dowager taking snuff.

There is an unwritten law that no man alone may drive a mixed or female flock of llamas. In spite of the *noli me tangere* arrogance of his flock he must be chaperoned by a woman.

When the Cholas rise from their marketing it is as if, at carnival, a mass of balloons had been let loose. Down the street they go, their fluted petticoats swinging. If there is a wind, one wonders why they are not lifted off their feet and one imagines poppy-heads and marigolds and dahlias blown skyhigh and tumbled in a riot of blazing petals.

Good Friday is the popular day for murders, because the Indians believe that for twelve hours or so Christ is dead and unable to watch what they are doing. But for the rest of the year, except when chicha goes to their heads, they are comparatively devout. In the Cathedral, Indian masons work free on the undecorated stone. "Probably they're expiating a murder or storing up virtue against some killing they contemplate," said our guide.



BOAT BUILDING ON LAKE one of the

The old houses and the old streets of La Paz are as fascinating as a fairy-tale. About them is the glamour of history and hidden treasure. Jesuits and Incas and Conquistadores, ladies of unblemished birth, virtue and complexion, who were gallant enough to cross an ocean and a continent, both equally hostile, are inextricably though perhaps erroneously involved with the hidden patios of La Paz.

"There is treasure everywhere." Of that one is assured, though why invading Spain should have spent its priestly or soldierly time burying gold for future centuries to discover, I cannot imagine! Yet I am told that when the foundations of the new cinema were excavated "treasure" was duly found, and a live pig buried in its place; for as every one knows, it is necessary to sacrifice something living, presumably to satisfy the outraged spirits to whom the valuables belong.

THE DISDAINFUL BEAST OF THE UPLANDS: Female llamas when driven by a peasant must, according to tradition, be "chaperoned" by a paysanne!

I can't understand why Bolivia has not been discovered by hordes of intelligent tourists. There is an excellent railway service connecting with Mollendo in Peru, with Antofagasta in Chile, or by a stupendous trans-Andine route, on which the scenery ranges from the lunar to the tropical, through snow and colourless rock, sugar-cane and flowering forest, with cactus, humming birds, and vampires for trimming, down to the Argentine pampas and Buenos Aires.

The roads are not particularly good, but in the dry season they are practicable. We drove about 600 miles in river beds

THE WORLD

tains Striking to the Sky, Couching on the Nether Series of Four Articles on Americas

FORBES

BOLIVIA soaring in jagged to the sky

THE NATIVE CRAFT on Lake Titicaca, one of the many mountain lakes in the State which ranges from the most primitive to the most super-civilized

and climbed to giddy altitudes, where the mountains looked moonstruck. From valleys, which were scarlet clefts full of oranges, palms, and bananas, we emerged after our fiftieth, or hundred-and-fiftieth, river crossing, and laboured upwards, meeting no other wheeled vehicle till the cactus, which the Indians appear to keep instead of watch dogs, burst out into fur-coats and whiskers, and all the land was smooth, shorn, and pale. Llamas, wadded in their shaggy wool, seemed to find nourishment on the top of the world. The Indians (Quechuas), looking exactly like Chinese, with Mongol eyes and pigtails, peaked hats, loose blouses, and such very tight black shorts with turned-up corners of orange that it looked as if they could never sit down, live in huts made of loose stones. They have no windows. A dung fire burns in the middle of the floor, and from the age of ten or twelve upwards the family sucks coca.

This is a leaf which contains cocaine. In company with a fragment of charred cactus wood, it makes a bulge in every Indian cheek. It adds to the speed of their walk, but dulls their eyes and mentality. The coca expression is recognizable throughout Bolivia. The expert chews his pound of leaves a day, but the majority are content with a handful which costs 20 cents (about 3d.).

TITICACA: Peasants engaged on primitive craft

Miners stop work for ten minutes morning and afternoon to have a thorough spell of coca, but they suck it most of the time. It is supposed to assist the heart at excessive altitudes, but without coca we ran cheerfully up and down Bolivia and beyond; panting a little when we climbed a church steeple at over 14,000 ft. we never felt the height at all. When we dropped to 10,000 ft. we spoke as if we were going to sea level. It need not, therefore, be the height which keeps tourists from the Bolivian Olympus!

If all roads lead to Rome, a number of river-beds, golden with oranges, willows, and broom, give access to Potosi and Sucre. The former is an enchanted town. In the days of the Conquistadores it was a metropolis which sent so much silver to Spain that it was allowed to use the Royal Arms. Potosi's silver mountain is still inexhaustible, but the value of the metal has fallen, and the population has dwindled from 120,000 to 25,000.

The town lies in a shallow cup of coppery-yellow, rocky hills. The sharp cone of the "Silver Mountain" dominates the cobbled streets. Out of it in the Middle Ages the Spaniards took 500,000,000 dollars worth of ore. From the old Mint underground passages radiate to the principal monasteries and churches. Nobody has thoroughly explored them.

The town suggests the mystery of dreams. The houses are colour-washed blue, yellow, rose. The tiled roofs look like potpourri. Under this drift of faded petals balconies emerge. They are carved wooden boxes with lattices almost meeting across the street. The doors and windows are cracked. Nothing matches. Everything is out of alignment. Flocks of llamas, apparently in charge of a donkey, pass without mixing. There is an alley of petticoats, where bundles of women's skirts hang along the walls. In the market sheep have to be sold complete with heads and skins lest dogs be substituted to the benefit of the butchers!

On St. John's Day the Indians light fires along the streets to keep away evil spirits, and on Corpus Christi there is a great procession, during which everyone must kneel. If any stranger is slow about taking off his hat, it is forcibly removed, for the Indians are superstitious if not devout. They are not going to offend any god if they can help it. So they decorate their roofs with a broken pot, one of the oldest pagan symbols, a cross and a bull's horns, or wooden effigies of a ram to ensure fecundity.

They wear all sorts of charms and amulets and their ideas about medicine are peculiar. A woman came to see our host, doubled up and strangely swollen round the waist. She wanted to be cured, but refused to be examined. Such odd sounds came from her middle that the doctor finally used force. When he had straightened out his unwilling patient, he found she had a whippet bound round her waist. It was the dog which was ill and the woman hoped to cure it by taking the medicine herself.

From Potosi to Sucre there is a recognizable road. At lunch-time it conveniently descends into the bed of the Pilcomayo River, disputed frontier of Bolivia and Paraguay. Here, there is an inn where you can eat river-fish and chirimoyas, delicious and not unlike custard apples. Later on, there are pepper-trees with scarlet tassels and spiked, aggressive cactus, obviously poor relations of the fur-clad mountain variety. And at last there is Sucre, the old capital, dim and quiet and still. It is steeped in pale sunshine. It you want to find anyone from prefect to bootblack you go out into the Plaza and look for him at midday on the seat which is his by custom. There is no traffic. A public official is still in the deepest mourning for a ten years' dead wife. Nothing changes. The houses did put on new faces for the centenary of Bolivian independence, but inside they kept their Spanish cortiles, painted yellow and deep pink, full of jasmine, tangerines, and honeysuckle. The daily newspaper comes out at noon. The hotel borrows gin for cocktails from the club. In the cathedral, there is a Madonna whose robes are stiff with pearls, rubies, and emeralds. Clusters of jewelled watches are sewn on her skirt. Her crown and her sleeves are diamonds. She is called the Virgin of Jewels, but how many tears have been shed over her necklaces and rings? The finest gems belonged to a bride who died on her wedding-day. The collar of pearls was left by a girl to a poor cousin and her parents, ignoring the legacy, presented it to the Virgin.

The arcades of St. Francis are delicious. So are the sudden gardens full of flowers and the country women in their shiny white steeple hats. So, above all, is the atmosphere of intimacy and assurance.

The University alone is concerned with Socialism. A professor presented me with a pamphlet he had written about "Students and the Revolutionary Idea," but one can't imagine Sucre dyed a violent red. It is too personal a town. The local inhabitants never know the names of their own streets, but they can tell you where everyone lives.

From Sucre you can go down to the tropics in a day, or you can drive across uplands golden with stubble towards Cochabamba, in whose broad, fertile valley the houses are like mud ovens. They are large and prosperous ovens, with domed clay roofs, and as everyone is apparently going somewhere on a donkey, with indigo robes drifting on the wind, it is Biblical and Eastern.

From Cochabamba you can go back to the mining camps where everything is made of metal and anything moving is mechanical. You can see the elimination of man in favour of machinery and salute the reign of galvanized iron. But behind and beyond all these places are the winged rocks, symbol of Bolivia.

THE INDIAN DANCERS OF LA PAZ wear a multitude of skirts, one piled on top of the other, ranging in girth from the nethermost's 9 feet to the topmost's 9 yards

MARIA JANE JEWSBURY: A drawing ascribed to "about 1830," which forms the frontispiece to the volume on this friend of Dorothy Wordsworth reviewed on this page

BOOKS

A Superb Book with a Bad Title : An Anthology of Atrocious Verse : Marjorie Bowen, Miracle : An Equine Rag in Picture and Text

By CECIL ROBERTS

What's in a name? Such a lot! The other day at a cocktail-party at Lady Mount Temple's I slipped from the presence of two pretty but vociferous young ladies—who wanted to know where novelists get their ideas from, having no idea themselves what excellent ideas they were—and went over by the door where a footman announced, to a room that took no notice, the names of the arriving guests. I came to the conclusion that a lady with a trisyllable name won every time in the rush for distinction. Mrs. Wallingford Braintree, Lady Pamela Pearblum, Mr. and Mrs. Donoughmore Callister, how impressively their names held up their entrances compared with uninterrupted Mrs. Charles Poop, Lady Flight, and Mr. and Mrs. Sloon.

There is a lot in a name though there may be nothing in its possessor. This applies to books as well as to persons. For three weeks there has stood on my desk a candidate for attention—a novel that annoyed me because of its absurd title. I was told that I must read it by a fellow critic, by a polite but insinuating note from the publisher, by a friend in a dressing-gown who picked it up and postponed shaving for three-quarters of an hour. Twice I turned to the book, but its title revolted me. I simply could not feel interested in a book called *Turnip-Tops*. There was an agricultural frivolity about the title highly incongruous when attached to the Gallic origin of its author's name, Ethel Boileau. The jacket did not help, also, for it carried a symbolic head that looked like a geisha-girl and on examination proved to be a composite picture of a horse, an aeroplane, and a doped young lady. Perhaps I am wrong. It may be meant simply for a turnip-top.

Once again I picked up the book, suppressing my dislike of turnips and stories of the soil. And now I have been turned turnip-topsy. You must read this book by Ethel Boileau (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.). It is an event in a reviewer's life. Mrs. Boileau has written four novels. I confess that I have never heard her name or read one of them. There is nothing remarkable in my ignorance. There are a hundred excellent novelists one has never read and never heard of. That is the tragedy of the writing profession. Our Brontës and George Eliots of to-day are so numerous that only an exceptional circumstance brings them to notice. The avalanche of books sweeps them to oblivion.

I want to lift up my small voice for *Turnip-Tops*. It cannot be re-christened, but it must not be ignored. Here is a truly sensitive and exquisite piece of work. It is so good that the story really does not matter. Mrs. Boileau only wants an excuse to talk, and the sense and perception of her talk hypnotises the reader into forgetting that the book is without form. A middle-aged lady introduces us to her family. They live in the country. They belong to that middle-class which is not afraid to snub the vicar, but eagerly says good morning to the baronet. Passion is regarded as slightly vulgar. There is a pained feeling against the guest who has departed on Monday morning, having cut the towel with a safety razor, and who neglects, within twenty-four hours, to write a bread-and-butter letter. Decent people these, with no desire to be clever. An occasional guest from Bohemia is imported by an enterprising son or daughter. He departs, having strengthened a firm belief in the conventions by his own abuse of them.

But *Turnip-Tops* is much more than a picture of a county family. The lady in the house is alert to the world outside it. Mrs. Boileau has been bold enough to treat her novel as the vehicle of current thought. She writes of Mr. Jim Thomas, of Noel Coward, and the regimental point-to-point with equal vivacity and insight. And then, interspersed with this diary of an intelligent woman, there suddenly arises a situation of passion, handled with a skill that no living novelist could excel. There is a marvellous scene in this book in which a mother goes down to Oxford to visit a son whose heart has been wrung by a worthless woman. If this is not splendid writing then I have never read any. The life of ideas and the life of action are so mated in the pages of this book that, while the story of Veronica and Colin progresses, we see all life mirrored with the depth and breadth that constantly evoke astonishment and admiration. Lastly, there is the sheer power of the writing. Whether she writes as the journalist, the poet, or the psychologist, the balanced phrase, the just word, the fine sense are always in evidence.

"Clever and cynical young men whose *leitmotif* is sex—and sex nakedly bald at that—call *Cavalcade* clever sob-stuff, and hint that Noel Coward has put over a leg-pull on the sentimental British. It may be so, I don't know. But I rather think he has lit his votive candle at that secret shrine kept by most men in their souls for the country that bred them. It is easy and a little cheap to sneer at patriotism, but there is something strong and enduring in the power which makes a mother bear with quiet fortitude the sweeping away of a lifetime's devotion." And has there ever been anything written about the Jew truer and fairer than this: "I am never quite sure if I like the Jew very much, or dislike him enormously. He is often a garish, flamboyant creature, supervitalized with an insatiable appetite for life—a rich enjoyment of the sensual, of food and drink—of copulation and begetting, dominated frankly by appetite, and quite free from the shy intimacies of the Englishman . . . If he lacks the finer spiritual values, at least he has all the artistic ones pressed down and running over. And for that I am certain that the world would be a poorer place without him."

An excellent book with a wretched title. When the publisher announced the advent of *Turnip-Tops* I took no more notice than when the footman announced Mrs. Charles Poop. I disliked the names of both and ignored them, in one case certainly to my own loss. May I earnestly entreat Mrs. Boileau to remember the importance of appearing important? She should not hide her light under a bushel of turnip-tops.

I have been reading an anthology compiled by Mr. J. C. Squire, *Younger Poets of To-day* (Secker. 6s.). It is a sequel to two other collections, *Selections from Modern Poets* and *Second Selections from Modern Poets*. The same principle has been adopted as was the basis of those. No poet is included in this new volume who is over fifty years of age. It happens that I have published five volumes of verse, and have had the honour of a preface written by the Poet Laureate to a collected edition of my verse. I am under forty. But I do not appear in any one of these three volumes. I have the highest respect for his opinion, and am undismayed, for so little of the verse of any of us is worth preserving. In any case I have grown out of that phase. But I was curious to learn what particular merits Mr. Squire looked for in making his selection from us moderns.

The man who wrote *The Lily of Malud*, and some other unforgettable poems, is entitled to constitute himself a judge. I read through this book of seventy poets and some hundred poems. As I read I became more and more depressed. Out of the hundred, according to my standard of poetry, I found eight passable poems, and four good ones. The rest were execrable. I feel I have suffered not so much neglect as an escape. I turned from the antic cacophony of "When through the windows buzzed the way-lost bee" to

> There were no trees upon our Avenue,
> The gutters stank. At Number Sixty-Two
> Mr. and Mrs. Pile and thirteen kids
> Lived in two rooms . . .

to

> I put my hand upon my heart
> And swore that we should never part—
> I wonder what I should have said
> If I had put it on my head.

to

> Slow bullocks stand with stinging feet,
> And naked fishes scarcely stir for heat.

and wondered how a dressed fish would look, except at Scotts.

I shall never know what an "exact inadequacy" is, unless it is a positive inanity, or why—

> "Catherine wheels," said I, "are
> stronger than the Lion."

Such verse, and worse, made me fall in delight upon Sylvia Lynd's—

> The chaffinch speaks, and then the dove,
> Then the blackbird. This is spring.
> There they make and talk of love,
> Here I lie, remembering.

Which is a wood-note wild among the saxophones.

Admirable, inexhaustible, learned Marjorie Bowen, I hope there is no threat in your title, *The Last Bouquet* (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.). There is always the hope that you will suffer a sea-change into something George Preedyish. But Bowen or Preedy, I am never disappointed or unsurprised by the fertility of your imagination, your command of historical fact, your power in whatever guise you choose. How many books have you written? Forty? How many bad ones? Two? Perhaps, but I have never found them. Here are fourteen short stories. *The Last Bouquet* is a story of two sisters, good and bad twins. How marvellously the good in a bad woman, and the bad in a good woman are set in juxtaposition. Another story, *The Avenging of Ann Leete*, is deservedly a classic within a few years of its birth. And never was the axiom that the whole truth is fatal more vividly proven than in *The Hidden Ape*. Here is supreme story-telling.

I cannot say the same for *The Broken Heart* by Temple Thurston (Ward Lock. 7s. 6d.). Mr. Thurston could not be incompetent, but many of the short stories in this book lead you down the garden path, with no gate to go out by. *The Broken Heart* is an excellent satire on miracle-working, but Mr. Thurston should not fall by on a hoary story like *The Rape of the Mirror*. I know the original victim of this mishap. Mr. A. P. Herbert used the story as soon as he heard it. Mr. Thurston is too late in the field, and in cold print it remains improbable. How well Mr. Thurston can write, when inspired, can be seen in *The Anniversary*.

How many a gem is born . . . and how many a Jewsbury. Mr. Eric Gillett has unearthed the sad story of *Maria Jane Jewsbury* (Oxford University Press. 6s.). She was the daughter of a Lancashire cotton-spinner and a contemporary of Dorothy Wordsworth, with whom she enjoyed a close friendship.

A letter to Wordsworth, written in trepidation, to accompany the presentation of her first book, evoked a long and affable reply. Maria's brightness, her industry, the vivacity of her conversation soon brought her if not into the front rank then into the second rank as a contributor to the annuals then so popular. There is nothing in her work to merit preservation, but Mr. Gillett has conjured up a delightful picture of her age, of the solemnity of literary life when the editor of *The Keepsake* was somebody, and could even ignore Wordsworth's recommendation of Maria's work. What a bright, charming little woman she was! "therefore let the annuals pay—and with whomsoever you deal make hard bargains. Humility with these Gentry is downright simpleness," thus wrote the author of *We are Seven* to Maria. Poor young lady! She married a clergyman who took her to India where she died of cholera at the age of thirty-three. "And all her wit, and charm, and promise were ended, and became only a memory . . ." Mr. Gillett has stirred a pot-pourri long obscured by dust. Its aroma calls up a thought of sad, far-off unhappy things.

Stand to Your Horses deals with "the whole art and mystery of horse-back riding and venery," and is by Sabretache, who contributes text, and (with Patrick Bellew) illustrations (Ocean Publishing Co., 21s.). It is, therefore, a horsey book, but the horses are of Sabretache's famous breed *equus convolvolus*, to ride which I recommend a seccotine saddle, gripped warmly. The wickedness that gathers about a horse! Read the chapter on "How to Barter and Sell the Horse," you will then know that besides pulling carts and making steaks they are capable of homicidal mania, paranoia, and St. Vitus's dance. This is Sabretache at his best. I defy anyone to sit his horses for laughing.

A MAGNIFICENT WRITER: Mrs. Ethel Boileau, whose new book, *Turnip-Tops*, with its only one fault, the title, is reviewed above by Mr. Roberts

ART NEWS of the WEEK

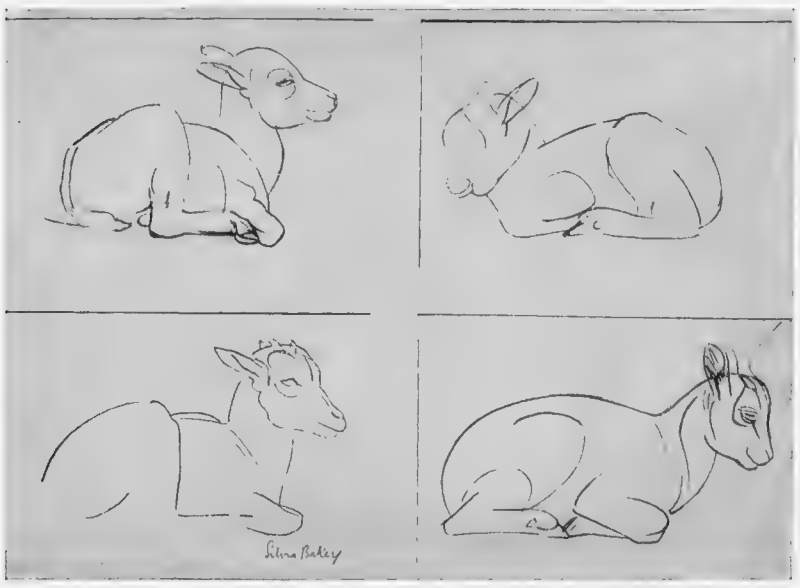
Four Notable Exhibitions

THE CLASSIC ART OF JAPAN: Three battledores in the re-opened exhibition of Japanese ceremonial Festival Dolls at the Arlington Galleries—one of the chief artistic successes of this season

THESE BATTLEDORES are not, like the toys of European childhood, of two faces of parchment but of wood, on the reverse side of which appear these elaborate designs in embroidery of brilliant silks

AN ARTIST WHO STARVED FOR HIS ART: Mr. Archibald Ziegler, whose show at the Toynbee Hall has been hailed with *éclat* by the critics, was so destitute a decade since that, left an orphan at fourteen, he took a job as a galley boy on a ship bound for the Arctic. He has kept himself by whatever means he could and has studied art in his spare time

THE SYNAGOGUE EXHIBITION: What is possibly the first art exhibition ever to be held in a Jewish place of worship has just been opened in St. John's Wood Road. Members who have contributed to the R.A. and other famous shows have lent exhibits which range from painting and sculpture to needlework



THE ART OF SILVIA BAKER

The Zwemmer Galleries are holding a "one-woman" show of the child and animal studies of this distinguished artist, who devotes herself to the inhabitants of the Zoo. *On left* are four drawings which for delicacy approach silver point, entitled "Barbary Lambs"; *on right*, a stronger treatment entitled "Birds of Prey and Their Keeper"

PLAYERS and SINGERS

"I HAVE A SONG TO SING, OH!" Mr. Martyn Greene, the successor to Sir Henry Lytton, in his *chef-d'œuvre*, the rôle of Jack Point in *The Yeomen of the Guard*

"OH CYRIL, HOW I DREAD THIS INTERVIEW!" King Hildebrand (Mr. Richard Watson) with Cyril (Mr. John Dean) in *Princess Ida*

"MERCY EVEN FOR POOH-BAH!" Mr. Sydney Granville as Pooh-Bah in *The Mikado*

THE SAVOY OPERAS

The Perennially Successful Savoy Operas (at the Savoy Theatre) are now giving their Repertory Season until the End of January

Whoever started the preposterous notion, clung to so faithfully throughout the centuries, that humour was an element absent from antiquity generally and the Old Testament in particular, closed up a rare and refreshing stock of material for the drama.

Mr. Bernard Shaw started the unclosing. In his preface to *Cæsar and Cleopatra* he discusses the question as to whether Cæsar had a sense of humour, and comes to the conclusion that we have no grounds for supposing that he had not. So in the play he lets Cæsar and the other characters make jokes—not very good jokes, perhaps, but still jokes.

The process has been continued and completed by Dr. James Bridie. Since each play the doctor writes matters more and more, "What does little Bridie say?" has come to be a question of some moment in theatreland.

His method of saying it is simple yet original. He takes a Biblical story, keeps to it faithfully, and tells it in language which is half Barrie-esque whimsicality and half that of a lecturer in moral philosophy in Edinburgh University. He is a Carlyle who can be construed—but with a charm of which Carlyle possessed not a wee bittock.

Thus let it be noted that the Doric is catching and that a visit to what I am tempted to call the Westmeenister has its effects. And if anyone tells me, Sassenach though I am, that they are ill effects, I'll give him—well, a daud on the neb.

Now Jonah or Tobias or Nebuchadnezzar or Noah made to chatter in the facetious slang of the 1932 cocktail-party would be irritating.

Besides, such a method might prove blasphemous. Blasphemy is rather fashionable just now in the modern novel but to any play, ancient or modern, it would give a run of three nights or less.

Dr. Bridie steers a safe course with infinite skill. He makes Jonah a pompous little man, not without dignity or real pathos, who is obviously unequal to the task of either prophesying correctly about the fall of Nineveh or of inspiring awe among the inhabitants of any town larger than that in which we first find him—a sort of Palestinian counterpart to, say, Chapel-en-le-Frith.

The shipwreck scene was impressive, and would have been more so had the captain of the ship shouted less. The tones suitable for a storm at sea are too strenuous for the Westmeenister Theatre.

Jonah then sits in the belly of the whale, looking like Aladdin in the jewel case, waiting for Uncle Abanazar to let him out. This I thought the least effective scene of all; for the Burns-cum-Hegel lecture by the whale was far-fetched. Besides, a voice bellowing through a megaphone to represent the whale was no more impressive here than it is when it represents the dragon in *Siegfried*. Megaphones should be reserved for the tow-path when eights have to be coached. They are nasty things in a theatre.

Thus did poor little Jonah come to Nineveh, to find it peopled with the type of young woman who smokes cigarettes through a foot-long holder, and whose finger-nails are the colour of a pillar-box. And, somehow or other, the play comes to an inconclusive end.

I do not know what its moral is nor do I care. I do not think it is a good play at all, for it is loosely knit and quite undramatic. But I do know that I found it, as I found *Tobias and the Angel*, delightful from beginning to end, full of quiet fun and full of beauty too.

Mr. Edward Chapman as Jonah brought out every point without over-emphasizing any one of them. The rest of the cast form but an accompaniment to him, but it is a more than efficient accompanient.

Jonah was preceded by a short play, also by Dr. Bridie, entitled *The Amazed Evangelist*.

The sooner the author gets back to the Old Testament the better. What is the allegorical meaning of this story about a Scotch landlady, the devil, and a couple of tourists? Why did it come to a sudden end, with a flash of light, when one of the characters asked why a policeman crossed the road?

Perhaps, like the chicken, he did so in order to "get to the other side," for this playlet is of spooks and spiritualism. But to me it was as unintelligible as Miss Frances Ross Campbell's doubtless authentic dialect.

Mr. Richard Ainley, a tall and comely young man, showed that he has inherited more from his father than the golden voice. But no one has ever played the devil to so little purpose.

Whatever Dr. Bridie and Mr. Shaw may think about the colloquialism of bygone centuries, Euripides would have none of it. He left all that sort of thing to Aristophanes. Greek writers of tragedy were as relentless as the dismal tales they unfolded, and they admitted no comic relief.

I spent a couple of hours at the Haymarket Theatre the other afternoon watching *Iphigenia in Tauris*, as Professor Gilbert Murray and the English verse-speaking association deemed that it should be.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS: St. George and the children in the Edwardian classic, revived at the Holborn Empire

THE LOVERS OF, ON, AND OFF THE ENGLISH STAGE: Mr. Herbert Marshall and Miss Edna Best in *Another Language* at the Lyric

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS: Mr. Cyril Raymond, Miss Gillian Lind, and Miss Heather Thatcher in the amusing and well-acted comedy at the reopened Court Theatre, Sloane Square

LONDON'S LONGEST RUN: Miss Frances Doble, Mr. Raymond Raikes and Mr. James Raglan in *While Parents Sleep* at the Garrick

PHILISTIA: Miss Mary Jerrold and Mr. Marcus Baron in *Another Language*—the attractive importation from America starring the Best-Marshall Team

"IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS": A special matinée at the Haymarket afforded Lilah McCarthy (Lady Keeble) a rare and welcome return to the stage. She is seen above with Mr. J. C. Turner (Orestes)

By PHILIP PAGE

Professor Murray knows more than any man living about translating Euripides, so into his department I will not venture. His verse would, I think, be marked in university examination papers as "Beta Plus."

But the speaking of it on this occasion would be a doubtful "Gamma minus." I do not think I have ever heard English verse worse spoken. Miss Lillah McCarthy, as an experienced hand at this sort of thing, was an exception, though she was inclined to kill beauty by a sort of windy over-emphasis; and she pronounced "obsequies" as "obsyqueeze."

The gentleman who played King Thoas had a modern drawl that called aloud for a monocle to go with it.

But the worst offenders were the chorus. I have no doubt that these young ladies had given much of their spare time to The Cause. That time has been thrown away, and will continue to be thrown away until they, or their instructors, realize that the narrowed "O" beloved of Earlscourt (*vide* Bernard Shaw in *Pygmalion*) is an abomination not to be admitted in verse-speaking or in any sort of speaking.

When line after line was chanted on a dismal monotone without reference to its meaning, the temptation to rush through Charles Street and St. James's Square for air and brandy became almost irresistible.

But good manners, no interval, and a seat in the middle of a well-filled and attentive row of stalls compelled me to endure Euripides to the very bitter end.

The festive season may perhaps have caused that resort of the intelligentsia, the Arts Theatre, to put on Ayres. Miss Ruby M. Ayres, the writer of many widely-read novels, has just had her first play produced.

I doubt if it will be quite so widely seen. For all that, Miss Ruby M. Ayres (why do so many popular writers have "M" as a middle initial—Ruby M. Ayres, Ethel M. Dell, James M. Barrie, etc. ?) has in her the makings of a dramatist, and there have been worse plays seen at the Arts Theatre than this one.

Silver Wedding is a story of retrospect, which on the stage is always a risky process. For it is much more difficult to continue our interest in people when they are thrown back a couple of decades than when we, as it were, grow old with them. If *Milestones*, for instance, were to be played backwards it would almost certainly fail.

Miss Ayres, however, having chosen this difficult method, which needs a practised hand in stage-craft, further handicaps herself by allowing most of her characters to talk too much and to go over the same ground again and again.

Richard and Ruth were married five and twenty years ago. The marriage has lasted, but if it has not actually come unstuck there are some ominous cracks. Richard seems rather too interested in Lilian, who had been a bridesmaid. Ruth is obviously not indifferent to Nicholas, the erstwhile best man.

And so, by the "flash-back" method, we are shown the incidents in the lives of this not very interesting quartet. Most of the members of it are given to self-analysis, and one sees them "maintaining with no little heat their various opinions."

By a piece of sheer wanton brutality a poor little child is dragged in to be killed by an air-raid. The incident is not unaffecting, though it does not result in the grief that is too deep for words. Indeed, it sets them all off chattering harder than ever.

Some of the talk is good. Some not quite so good. But where Miss Ruby M. Ayres chiefly comes to grief is in the fact that none of her characters ever steps out of the pages of highly conventionalized fiction. They are novel characters in the less praiseworthy sense of the word.

A more than competent cast could not, therefore, play the parts so much as illustrate them, as a good black-and-white artist might.

Miss Barbara Hoffe, who is not seen nowadays as frequently as her talents deserve, did her best, and it was a good best. Mr. Edgar Norfolk can always manage to put a spice of individuality into his work. Nor can Miss Sunday Wiltshire fail to be decorative—and with brain-sauce.

I have just seen a remarkably good small-scale British film entitled *Re-union*. It is none the worse for carrying a lesson with it and for proving that it is not only the lower ranks of the Army that post-war depression has hit with a heavy hand.

The slight story—it is little more than an incident—is said to be based on fact, and I can well believe it. An ex-officer is running a poultry-farm and is almost broke. A letter comes inviting him to preside at an N.C.O.s' dinner of the battalion he commanded in France. With an effort he gets his dress-suit and medals out of pawn.

The men are for the most part cheery and prosperous; the dinner and the sing-song go with a swing. The plate is handed round for a subscription for one of them who is out of a job—and into that plate goes the gallant chairman's last pound. He has to walk home in the wet, utterly penniless.

The little play is well produced and particularly well acted by Mr. Stewart Rome and Mr. Terry Irvine.

SWEDEN: Fröeken Margit Rosengren, one of the most popular of operatic stars, in a revival of *The Desert Song* in Stockholm

MLLE MIREILLE PERREY: The French musical comedy star, who was seen in London in *Sons of Guns*, is to appear in *The One Girl* to be produced in the West End shortly

FRÄULEIN TALA BIRELL, the exotic Austrian actress, pictured in her striking costume with glistening coils of silver about her throat and arms in an African film dealing with native life in which she has recently appeared in Hollywood

THE FOREIGN STAGE

SOCIAL and GUSTATORY

HOLLYWOOD BOUND: Mr. Colin Clive bids adieu to his wife, Miss Jeanne de Casalis, at Waterloo, whence he left for the *Bremen* and America

FRAKSON, the Man with the Cigarettes, who will entertain at Ciro's Christmas Party and also at the Ace of Spades

OAK LOGS FOR GAME: M. Latry, the chef of the Savoy, when walking in Richmond Park, saw a lot of fallen oak-trees and immediately sought to adapt them to the culinary art. He found that they improve the flavour of game, "since when the Savoy has used no other!"

MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN has established herself as a phenomenally successful greyhound-racer on the Continent with British-bred animals

A PRINCESS OF THE EAST: A daughter of the last Sultan of Turkey and the wife of Nawar Arsam Fah Bahadur, a wealthy Indian ruler, made a sensation at a gala dinner held on a new Italian luxury liner

MOTORING THRILLS FOR MOTORING THRILLERS! Sir Henry Birkin, Mr. Nigel Holder, Captain Styran, and Mr. B. K. Moir playing the new electric race-game invented by the first-named and installed in the new club near Bond Street. It is largely a game of skill

THE EARL OF MUNSTER listening to one of the speeches at a recent architectural dinner

THE SARRONI SISTERS, whose terpsichorean grace lends an additional attraction to the already attractive Murray's Cabaret in which they are starring

CATCHING ONE'S SUPPER: An innovation at Romano's is a tank wherein customers can catch their own trout and have it cooked for supper

Ker-Seymer

CHIC ENHANCES BEAUTY

Mrs. Ronald Balfour, most characteristic type of English beauty, is here shown wearing a new red sports suit by Malita, a leader among English designers. Expression through subtlety of detail is Malita's slogan for the coming season

D. Todd's Section

BEAUTIES AND

Beauty treatment in the life of modern women holds a place which is all the more considerable because it is nowadays quite open and unashamed. Till recently a woman went into hiding should she wish to repair the ravages of time, while make-up was a timid and tentative art, its whole object being that it should pass unnoticed. Beauty hints, moreover, in those days, had not yet arisen from the status of "old wives' remedies"; and Lina Cavalieri herself did not scruple to admit to the readers of *Femina* that she attributed the exquisite delicacy of her skin to the application of a pair of veal chops which she plastered every evening on her beautiful face. A strangely unromantic form of beauty culture! One must indeed be sure of one's own charms to confess that they are preserved in such a way!

In the modern world things are very different, and, just as women no longer hide their visits to the beauty expert, so scientists have devoted their learning to the cult of elegance; they have applied to it the latest technical knowledge, the most abstruse magic of the modern laboratory.

One is no longer told that the recipe for some marvellous cream was discovered in the pedestal of an Egyptian statue, or that Aspasia on her death-bed whispered the secret of some incomparable face-lotion to the young shepherd who was the joy of her declining years. One learns that a preparation is "radio-active," that this preparation is "rich in vitamins," that another is wonderfully stocked with "hormones"...

Don't, of course, ask the beauty who smears her face with it to explain to you the importance of radio-activity or the function of hormones as a tonic; for her explanation would probably be somewhat vague. But her complexion speaks for itself. And when woman explains that her fresh and unlined complexion is a direct result of radio-activity one can but acquiesce and admire, taking the scientific formulæ at their "face value."

And then, what writer could do justice to the marvellous docility, the extraordinary patience some women show, when it is a question of cultivating their good looks! No invalid struggling desperately for his life has ever carried out the prescriptions of a great specialist with the devoted exactitude which they display every morning as they calculate the time of their exercises or their face-massage. One often boggles at a serious operation; but many women have blithely allowed the beauty experts to remove a small wrinkle-producing fold, sew up the corners of the mouth, or correct the line of a too exuberant silhouette. Better still; a charming actress has returned from New York with the secret of an entirely new torture which she practises day by day on willing victims.

It consists in thoroughly peeling the face, in order that the old and worn skin may give way to a pink and virginal smoothness which has all the rosy charm of the skin of a new-born babe. To emphasise the advantages of her method, this charming professor of female æsthetics has executed on certain chosen models only half of the work which has to be done — one side of the model's face, that is to say, still exhibits the wear and tear of time, while the other half has been carefully re-made. The massaged eye-socket, the lifted corner of the lips, the surface of the skin stripped till it is as good as new, all bear witness to an ingenious transformation. Not an ordeal which can be undertaken lightly. It entails three weeks of complete retirement. In future, beware of disappearances, and don't assume, if a friend should happen to vanish, that she is off on some sentimental escapade. She may simply be having herself flayed alive . . .

No doubt, the process has much to recommend it, for the lady concludes her explanation by a list of impressive testimonials: "I have staying with me just now a duchess who bears one of the oldest names in France, as well as two members of the Comédie Française and Mlle X. who is to play opposite Maurice Chevalier!" Never has the proverb, *Il faut souffrir pour être belle*, received a more striking illustration.

I hasten to add that the majority of beauty parlours do not employ experts as cruel as this one, and that they are all of them admirable schools of patience—patience rewarded, what is more; since nobody presumes to doubt at the present day that certain treatments have a beneficial effect. We have all of us been surprised now and then by the sudden metamorphosis of a female acquaintance, the recovered freshness, firmness, and delicacy of her face. This is a miracle for which no sacrifice is too heavy. Beauty overnight is well worth the trouble of taking that morning a bath of paraffin to improve one's figure, of drowsing for thirty minutes surrounded by electric discs or swathed in aromatic face-packs—of having a few hairs extracted from one's eyebrows, while long lashes are gummed on by way of recompense.

The theory of make-up, to which Colette, one of the best writers of our day, has not been ashamed to consecrate her talent, is a subject both profitable and fascinating. Who will contradict me when I say that

●The smiles of the charming ladies on the left are justified by their confidence in the maison Emile's coiffurial ● art and crea-● tive skill of which there is more

explicit mention on page 523

BEAUTIFIERS

●A woman's idea of an important head-line is a good● hat. Characteristic of the best English sports hat ●is the tailored felt, centre right, by Henry Heath. ⟨For further information see last paragraph on this page⟩

to study the effect of blue-green, bistre-brown, or mauve paste on the eyelids is a great deal more useful than to copy the Mona Lisa or paint the beach at St. Tropez or the Grand Canal at Venice for the thousandth time?

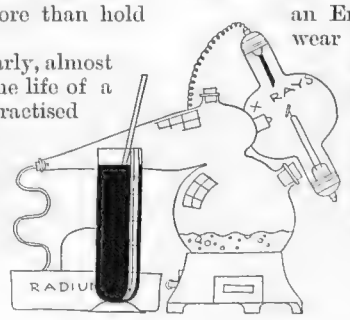
I can imagine the arguments which a sceptic may produce: "Ninon de Lenclos," he will observe, "knew of few preparations besides milk of almonds, and nevertheless made innumerable conquests." This glorious exception proves the rule . . . . In the seventeenth century, as we learn from its comedies and its memoirs, a woman was considered old at thirty. To-day, thanks to the researches of modern science combined with her own patient energy, she may continue to charm till she is . . . how old? But let us not fix a definite term, that no woman may be denied the pleasure of hoping. A. de M.

Having had the benefit, in the foregoing article, of our Paris correspondent's originally expressed and individual opinions on the pervasive and important question of beauty culture, we may perhaps be permitted to consider other aspects of feminine pulchritude from a view-point more essentially *Londonien*.

The cult of beauty is cosmopolitan and inclusive. It embraces face and figure culture, fashion and coiffurial art, for all these contribute to the successful "presentation"—as they say in theatrical circles—of woman, at her best, who must surely be the problematical woman continuously searched for as the source of all romance!

There was a time, though as we have just learned, practitioners of beauty culture need not admit that they remember it, when a Paris visa was necessary on a passport to Fashion, but this is no longer the case. London fashion houses, beauty culturists and hairdressers more than hold their own.

As regards hair-dressing, this yearly, almost daily, becomes more important in the life of a smart woman and a more skilfully practised art. Permanent waving was a revolutionary invention, and hairdressers and their clients are increasingly conscious of its importance and its potentialities.



The new system of point winding evolved by Emile of 31, Conduit Street is a still further advance in the art. It ensures the lovely sculptured effects and fashionable flat waving as well as reducing the time necessary for setting. When curled ends are desired, point winding and root winding are combined so that the flat, sculptured waves are secured on top of the head and at the sides while the ends of the hair are turned into captivating little curls.

A hairdresser's art and skill reveal themselves in the effect he produces by after-modelling. The man who has had years of training, who studies and loves his work and possesses clever hands, will succeed where one who is less of a virtuoso will fail. At Emile's one is sure of the attention of experts who excel in really delicate work and adapt their methods and the prevailing fashions in hairdressing to each individual client's type and individuality.

All the preparations used in Emile's salons are of the best quality and the water used for shampooing is specially distilled on the premises, and every precaution taken to preserve the lustre and quality of every patron's hair. The contour of the head is revealed by the long, flowing lines of the famous sculptured waves, softened by full curls at the side and a very light group of curls in the centre of the brow. This is particularly attractive with the little pointed hats of the forage cap type. It also looks very beautiful without a hat in the evening.

Rather long-flowing lines characterize another coiffure in which a few curls are deftly arranged above the nape of the neck. This is provocative and very youthful. Centre partings with tiny tendrils and the sculptured waves are featured in yet another of the season's coiffures.

There is a definite tendency at present to enrich all shades of fair hair, while chestnuts, brunettes, and the very rare raven-haired beauties are induced to take every known step to preserve the lustre of their hair. The value of lustre, and light and shade in the hair is at last beginning to be appreciated by the general public. Emile has always made a particular study of this important matter, and has always maintained that the wonderful range and variety of hair in England, which he has made it his special study to preserve and enhance, have never been fully appreciated.

Another matter of great moment in the compactum of a woman's charm and beauty is her hat.

French modistes are famous throughout the world. Paris model hats appear at the top and bottom of the column on the right. But no one can "build" a smart, plain, country hat like an English milliner, and no one can wear one like an Englishwoman, although both have their imitators on the Continent.

Messrs. Henry Heath specialise in these smart and indigenous hats, equally suitable with tweeds or riding kit, which have a character and style of their own.

A ROYAL TRIBUTE: "It is a well-known fact that Great Britain is the home of the light car, due in large measure to the excellence of British roads . . . ." This compliment to British achievement was recently paid by King Albert of the Belgians in conversation with the Export Manager at the Brussels Salon

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

A BIASSED CORRESPONDENT.—Once again I must return to the question of road accidents. I am prompted to do so by reading a letter which appeared in *The Times* recently under the heading of "The Age of Speed—A Pedestrian's Grievance." Obviously no one can take all the letters to newspapers completely seriously, and obviously the so-called pedestrian in the case in question is so biassed that his suggestions are grotesque. In the ordinary way I would not take any note of this letter but there are, unfortunately, a considerable number of people who are so tied to the past that they cannot bear the present or the future. The correspondent in question deplores the number of road accidents and, of course, he is not alone in expressing such an opinion, but he seems to think that the only way to reduce their numbers is to reinstate the speed limit. Such a suggestion is merely the opinion of an individual who wishes to stop the clock. We must all agree that if there were no motor cars there would be a great reduction in the number of road accidents. In the same way the railways could be closed and we would have no train accidents, and no one would slip down between a platform and a moving train. But all this is quite impractical, and even if we did agree to the imposition of a speed limit for all vehicular traffic we should very soon become a second-rate nation unless we could persuade other countries to do the same thing. Then again I do not for one moment believe that the reimposition of the speed limit would, in any way, reduce the number of road accidents. As a matter of fact, in the issue of *The Times* in question I find that in answer to a question the First Commissioner of Works stated that the number of casualties in the Royal Parks was regrettably high, where a 20-h.p. limit is enforced.

MOTORISTS ON FOOT.—In my humble opinion the British habit of clinging to and worshipping the past is in a large measure responsible for many of the deplorable accidents on our roads. This characteristic is no doubt praiseworthy up to a point, but the trouble is that we, as a nation, overdo it. Although to-day ninety-nine out of every hundred people are motorists we still allow the so-called pedestrian to do very much what he likes on the highways and byways of the country. I seriously suggest that the word pedestrian should be now, or in a year or two, deleted from the English dictionary because there are very few pedestrians who are not motorists, and the word is always used in such a way as to imply that people walking on the roads, and those driving cars or sitting in motor coaches, belong to two widely separate classes. Let us cut out the past and forget whom the roads were made for in the time of the Romans. We are living on the brink of 1933, and let us regulate the use of our roads in the light of the traffic which travels along them. The motorist on foot, and he is the person who is usually alluded to as a pedestrian, will not mind obeying certain regulations for his safety, and the safety of other road users. When he is in his motor-car, in his motor-coach, or on his bicycle, he desires to be protected from the suicidal tendencies of his fellow motorists and cyclists who happen to be using the road on their feet. I refuse to believe that the road user on foot desires to have privileges which other road users have not. If the majority of people using the roads are travelling on wheels then the roads should be made to suit them, and their use regulated so that the majority are properly safeguarded.

So long as we, as a nation, allow the motorist or cyclist on foot to wander all over the highway without rhyme or reason we shall every year have a deplorable number of unnecessary road accidents.

ENGINEERS AND THE ENGINE: Members of the Women's Engineering Society recently visited the great Ford motor factory at Dagenham, Essex, to watch the manufacture of British cars and commercial vehicles. Some of the party are seen examining a special exhibition chassis of the 14.9 Ford

"FROM CHINA TO PERU."—Although I suppose everyone realizes that THE SPHERE has a world-wide circulation, it is always interesting to be brought face to face with the fact. My present reason for referring to this is that I have just received from Lima, Peru, a communication which relates to a paragraph I wrote in these columns on August 13 last. In it I referred to the liability of articles to be stolen from cars left unattended in the streets, but I am now informed that my comments, which were more or less of a semi-humorous nature, have aroused resentment in Peru. I hasten, therefore, to say that I do not wish my remarks to infer that such practices are confined to that country. Indeed, the habit of pilfering from cars is one that is growing commoner in this country, and it behoves the British motorist to guard the contents of his car with even more care than ever before.

MY LATEST CAR.—I have recently changed cars. For the past eight months or so my mount has been a Wolseley Hornet with an E.W. Sliding Roof Coupé, built by Salmons and Sons, of London and Newport Pagnell.

For five years I have been driving medium sized cars and so it was quite a change to sit behind the wheel of a very lively small vehicle. I can honestly say that I had less trouble with this car than any other previous motor vehicle that I have owned. The only annoyance which, I regret to say, stayed with it until I sold it, was a squeak which I could cure by squirting the offending parts with Castrollo, but after about a hundred miles the good effects of the penetrating oil would wear off, and my squeak would reassert itself.

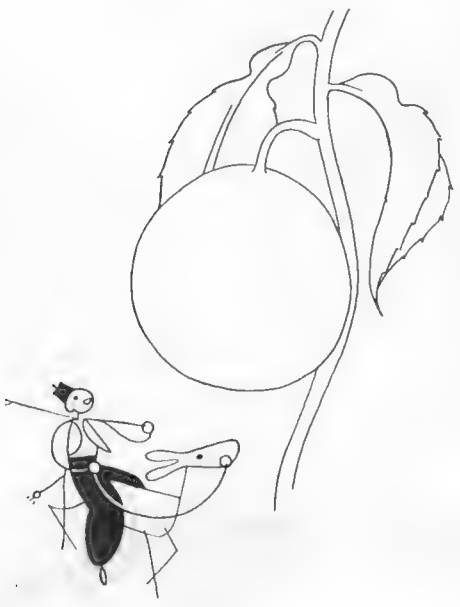
My new acquisition is a 1932 20/25 h.p. Rolls-Royce and up to the time of writing I have covered 2,500 miles on it. It is very difficult to find anything fresh to say about Rolls-Royce cars when one carries out a week-end test, but now that I have driven one for about six weeks, I have made certain discoveries which had escaped me on the short tests to which I have referred.

We all know that a Rolls-Royce is the smoothest running and the most silent motor car on the road, but every one does not appreciate that in addition it is the safest car on the road. The reason for this is twofold. Firstly, the controls are so easy, so definite in response and so accurate that the driver has an uncanny hold over his car. Secondly, when the average man drives a Rolls-Royce, he finds that his speed is practically constant, whether he is going up hill or on the flat and so he has not to speed unduly on any part of his journey in order to keep up a satisfactory average.

I find that I have no inducement and no desire to tear along like a madman. When I have driven other cars, being thoroughly human, I have felt that I must pass other vehicles in order that my particular car may be appreciated by other road users; in other words, I felt it was my duty to help in building up a reputation for the makers. But in a Rolls-Royce the reputation is already made, is already known by everyone else, and so one can afford, without any loss of dignity, to allow other cars to pass at higher speeds than is necessary and in many cases advisable. As the mileage on this car grows so I will comment on its running from time to time.

KIA-ORA

is always acceptable

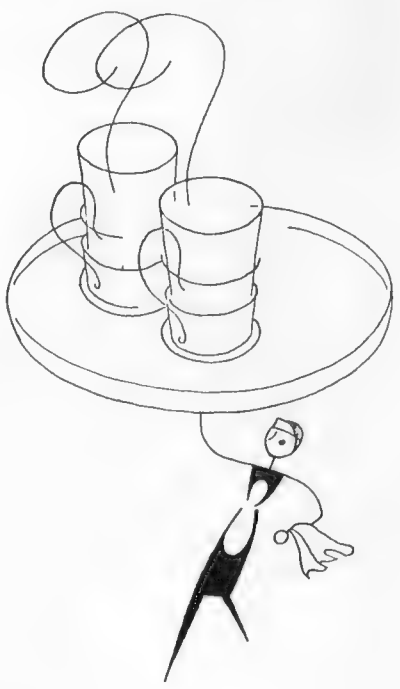


The manufacturers of Kia-Ora products are the largest buyers of citrous fruits in England, and as such are peculiarly representative of modern dietetic trends. We live in an age which has become noticeably health-conscious. And the increasing cultivation of the tomato juice, orange juice, and grape-fruit habits may be listed among those undoubted benefits which we have acquired through closer association with the U.S.A. The cooling and cleansing properties of drinks compounded from such ingredients are universally recognized and need no further stressing here.

The use of Kia-Ora cocktails eliminates much trouble and mess for the hostess. The tomato juice cocktail is an excellent appetizer—the other three are made from fresh fruit, and may be drunk alone or as a foundation of alcoholic drinks.

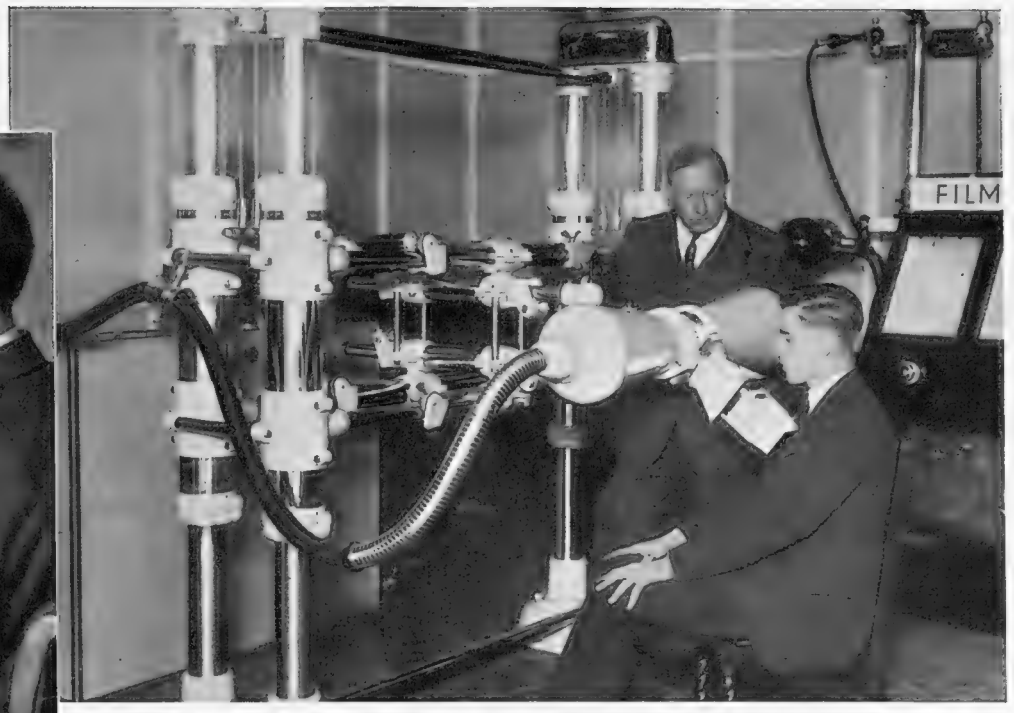
There are three squashes: orange, grape fruit, and lemon. And in this connection we note that the best modern opinion has reversed a prejudice of less scientific days: lemon, we now know, far from containing acid, is actually alkaline, as it is digestive in its action. Citrous squashes drunk hot at night are generally recognized as a preventative against colds.

Kia-Ora is British owned, and now imports grape fruit from the estate of Lord Melchett in Palestine.

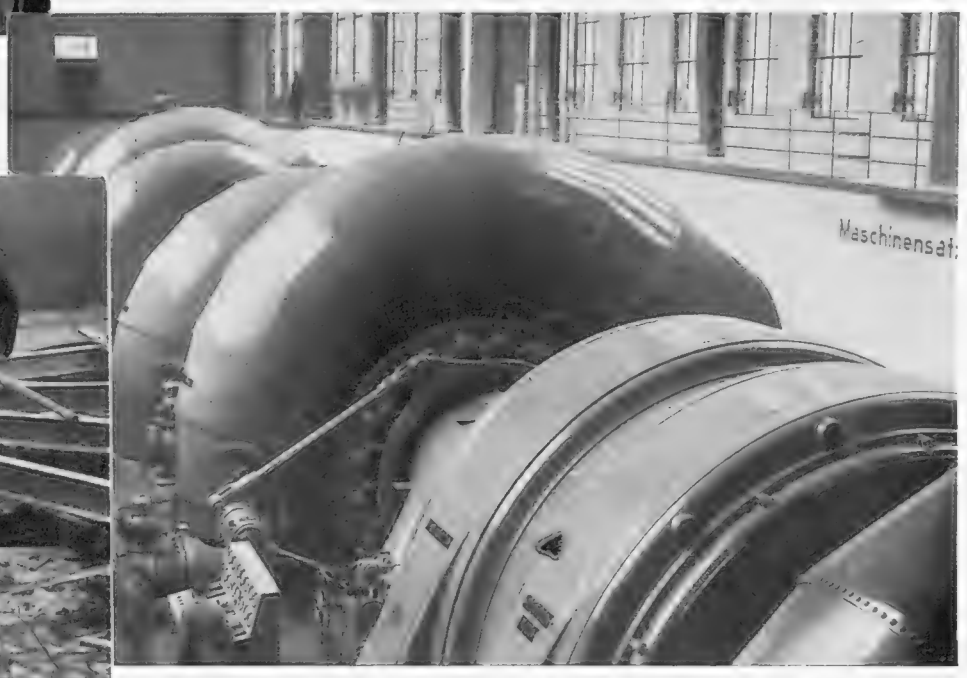


MECHANICS

PLAYING WITH ELECTRICITY: This curved instrument is the latest development of the idea of playing by electrical humming vibrations which are reproducing with increasing ease and veracity the sounds of a violin, 'cello, or guitar



SHOCK-PROOF X-RAY APPARATUS: This instrument was one of several which surprised the layman at the Central Hall, Westminster Exhibition, of new therapeutical apparatus. This instrument works with 200,000 voltage

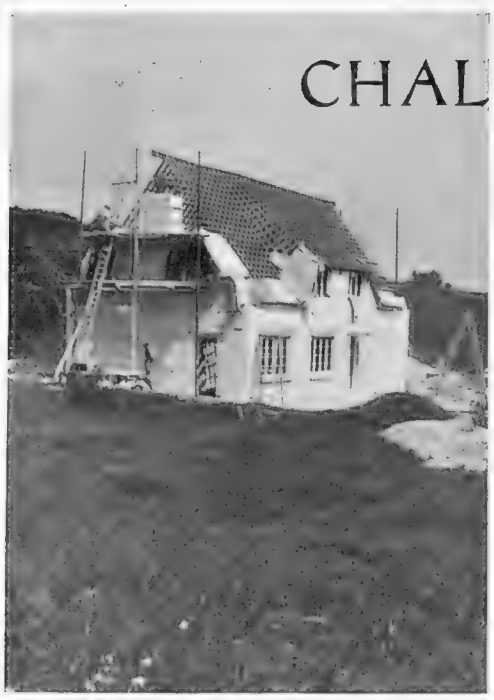


THE SAALE VALLEY DAM: *(Above)* Another big hydro-electric undertaking is nearing completion near Saalburg in Thuringia. It will have the biggest electrical output on the Continent. *(On left)* A novel feature of the Southgate Station on the Cockfosters new line is its round form

A VERY BIG VIADUCT INDEED: One of the biggest traffic ways upon which the United States have been employed recently is the viaduct connecting Jersey City with Newark. This viaduct is about three miles long; one approach is here seen stretching away in a swinging curve. The viaduct does away with the old swing bridge over the Passaic and Hackensack rivers. The viaduct is long, but not beautiful

CHALK HOUSES

A Suggested Solution of the Cheap Working-class House in the Country



BUILT ON AND OF CHALK: One of the houses in the environs of Andover

The small house with its own bit of garden is the home most desired by the working man, but attempts to build homes of this description have been crippled in the past by the high cost of transporting building materials. When, therefore, in 1919 the idea was conceived of building a Settlement at Quarley, about nine miles west of Andover, Hants, the pioneers of the venture investigated the question of building costs with especial care, and noted that in bygone days the site-material, chalk, had been widely used in the neighbourhoood. This form of building, known as pisé-de-terre, is one of the most ancient known to man. From the earliest times, arches, bridges, dwelling-houses, and even vast palaces have been erected on this principle. Early builders in Central Asia made use of it and, throughout the temperate zones, earth houses have always been popular and in constant use. It is, in fact, an especially attractive method where cheap buildings have to be erected at a distance from closely populated centres and, if modernized, may prove an important factor in bringing about a more even distribution of population in these islands.

THE MIXER: A necessary adjunct to building of chalk houses

ALIGNING THE CHALK BLOCKS: An early stage in erecting a chalk house

Experiments in the pisé method were carried out at Quarley, and after houses for livestock had proved to be satisfactory two cottages were successfully built, the material used being chalk, moistened and then rammed in a prime state between shutters. Tests proved that, if the raw material is sufficiently reduced in size, ramming can be dispensed with altogether, thus doing away with any lateral pressure and making possible the use of a lighter kind of shuttering than was previously required.

To-day, ten years later, it is possible to speak with conviction of the results achieved. The walls have stood admirably; the material is ideal, having much of the binding property of clay with none of its defects. The walls are attractive to look at, are easily plastered, can be made of any thickness, and are easily recessed from within for the purposes of drawers, book-shelves, etc. Finally, the work can be done almost exclusively by unskilled labour.

Dependent on hand labour alone, results, though satisfactory, cannot be described as markedly cheaper than those of brickwork construction, because of the arduous and monotonous work involved and the employment of too many manual workers; in fact, pulverization by hand was found to be a particularly unsatisfactory operation. But the necessary machinery has now been obtained and the building is being done more effectively, more expeditiously, and at greatly reduced cost.

It has been found that after the chalk has been passed through a pulverizer, excellent blocks and slabs can be manufactured with ease and cheapness, and this method of construction will probably prove to have so many advantages that the use of shuttering will, to a large extent, be obviated in future.

At the time of writing a house 50 ft. by 20 ft. is being erected; both internal partitions and external walls will be of pure chalk; the largest unit is a block 18 in. by 9 in. by 9 in., the smallest the size of an ordinary brick. It is estimated that the cost will work out at about 8d. a cubic foot as against 11d. to 1s. 1d., the current rate in the neighbourhood for ordinary brick houses. Even so the limit of cheap construction has by no means been reached. Picks, shovels, and wheelbarrows can all be superseded by machines with enormously extended powers of work. Indeed under a large-scale scheme, such as a Settlement, it would be possible to attain a completely new standard in the reduction of building expenses.

What is being done at Quarley can be done elsewhere. All over the South of England there are numerous sites available, reasonably close to road and water supply, even if the work were confined to chalk alone. But there is evidence to show that what is true of chalk is true also of other site-materials with modifications to suit the peculiarities of this soil or that.

BUILDING THE WALLS: Some of the slabs are 18 in. by 9 in. by 9 in., others the size of an ordinary brick

THE FINISHED PRODUCT: The attractive solution to the costs of the housing problem

QUEEN of Our RIVIERA

Nestling on its hill, Torquay enjoys not only a superb marine frontage on its sheltered bay, but its gardens have an unrivalled beauty

TORQUAY: The Suntrap of Devon

The medical and swimming baths are equipped with a Vita-glass sun lounge and ball-room that enables one to gain the benefit of the coldest winter sun

What are the prime requisites of any holiday or health resort? Scenery? Salubrity? Accessibility? Pleasant surroundings? Amenities for sport? For indoor amusements? Or a combination of all these or as many as possible?

With these prime desiderata in mind, consider Torquay.

Scenery? Red Devon, with the magic of Dartmoor, its wild charm studded with occasional and welcome luxury hotels, stretches to the back of Torquay. The town itself nestles on a hill, before which lies a semi-circular bay whose sweep is an artistic delight to the eye; the parade following whose stretch is a stimulus at once to the stroll of the middle-aged and the strides of energetic youth.

Salubrity? The air of the South coast is proverbially healthful, and the balm of the more southerly areas renders the bracing quality of the atmosphere acceptable to the most delicate constitutions. In addition, Torquay is a thermal centre. The Medical Baths were reconstructed in 1922 and, in consequence, are thoroughly up to date. Even in the depth of winter, owing to the climate, baths can be taken without fear of subsequent ill-effects. The baths have the advantage of a Vita-glass sun lounge.

So mild is the climate of Torquay that a cork tree has been successfully cultivated there. When Don Alfonso visited the resort, remembering those of his native Spain, he remarked upon it

The Palace Hotel is not only one of the more luxurious caravanserai in Britain, but is even equipped with an admirable golf course of its own

Accessibility? Torquay is served with a superb train service by the Great Western Railway. Within 3½ or 4 hours, one can cover the 200 miles in comfort and luxury. The leading trains have restaurant cars, and the night trains have sleeping cars. Those travelling by night can be assured of nearly seven hours undisturbed sojourn in the train. In addition, motor-coaches are run to Torquay from various centres; and air-lines, private or public, can land at Haldon Aerodrome but ten miles distant.

Pleasant surroundings? The rusticity of Cockington with its smithy; Babbacombe and Oddicombe with their charming adjacent beaches; the wealth of Dartmoor, which includes Widdicombe, the great haunt of "Uncle Tom Cobley"; Princetown with its famous prison; and Buckfast whose newly finished, recently dedicated Abbey is a miracle of Faith; Totnes, one of the most picturesque towns in England; Moretonhampstead, in the shadow of the moor; and Salcombe, with its enchanting estuary.

Amenities for sport? Tennis? Hard and grass courts of championship quality; badminton, bowls, cricket in summer and both kinds of football in winter; regattas, swimming and diving championships; sea fishing, indoor and outdoor bathing, golf de luxe . . . Hunting enthusiasts have the South Devon and the Dartmoor to their hands.

Accommodation is varied in price and type but not in quality; from the Palace, the Grand, the Imperial to the smaller hotels such as the Links and the St. James, from the Babbacombe Cliff Private Hotel with a six guineas per week tariff to West View with a tariff of two, the standard of excellence is—excellent.

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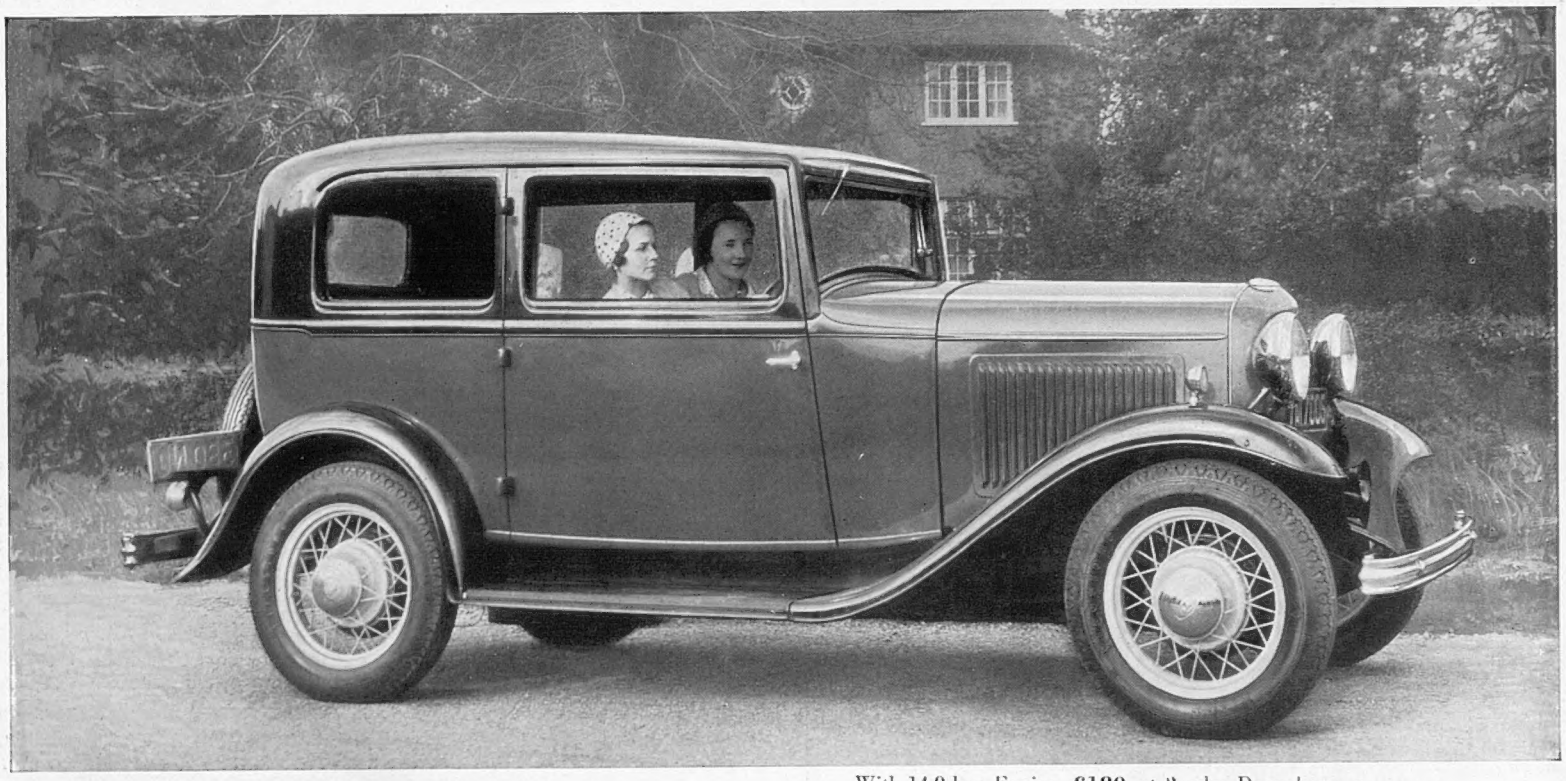
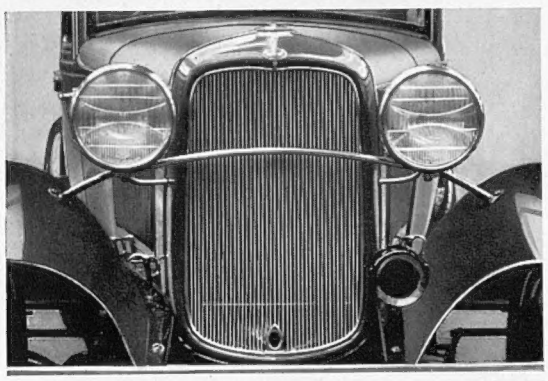
Keen on Good Performance, Insistent on Real Comfort, Appreciative of Clean Finish and General Elegance, Finds Them All, *Plus* Extreme Economy, In First Cost, Running Costs and Maintenance,

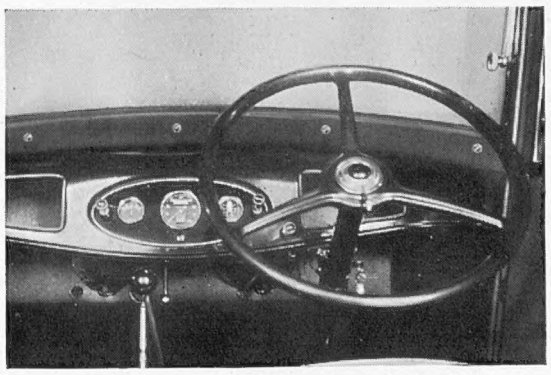
IN THE NEW TUDOR Ford 14.9 H.P. SALOON,



With 14.9 h.p. Engine, **£180,** at Works, Dagenham



The "clean" frontal appearance of the new 14.9 h.p. Ford Tudor Saloon



The instrument-board and controls of the 14.9 h.p. Ford

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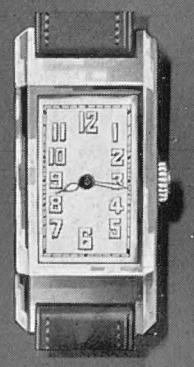

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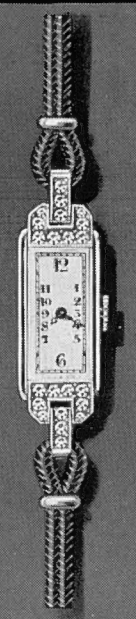

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Stainless Steel £6 . 10 . 0

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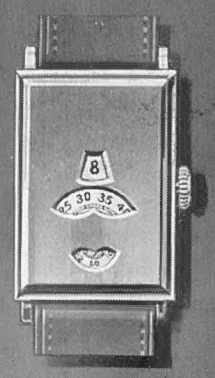

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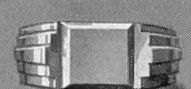

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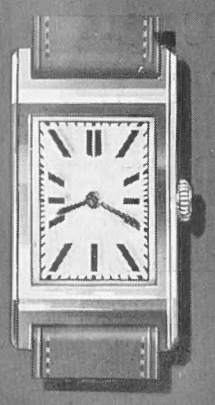
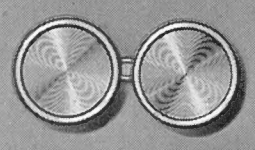


Stainless Steel £5 . 0 . 0



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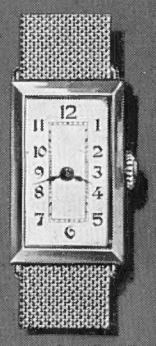

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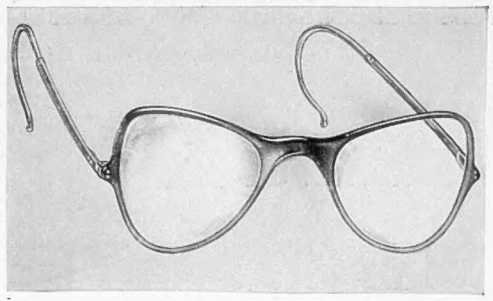
NOTES and NEWS

SPECTACLES FOR SPORT

Hamblin's Sporting Spectacles have been specially designed to afford a large field of vision for sports. There are several special features to be noted. The frame is made of "Synshell," Hamblin's tortoiseshell substitute, and is reinforced in its most vulnerable parts, making it practically unbreakable, while the lenses



HAMBLIN'S SPORTING SPECTACLES whose frames are practically unbreakable, whose glass does not splinter, and whose shape gives the maximum of vision where it is most needed

are made of "Salvoc," Hamblin's reinforced safety glass, a very essential safeguard where risks of breakage are taken as is the case in most winter sports. As will be seen in the photograph, the unique shape makes vision possible just where it is wanted, i.e. below the boundaries of the usual spectacle lens in the case of golf, and above the usual area when shooting.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS

The Forest Park Hotel is one of the few British hotels which still has a genuine old-fashioned atmosphere of the past. Situated in the heart of the New Forest, the Forest Park Hotel has a position which is unique, and is above all things comfortable, up to date, and possesses an atmosphere of its own in the real old English tradition. It affords particularly attractive facilities in regard to hunting. The foxhounds meet three times a week and the buckhounds twice a week. There is a meet of the foxhounds on Boxing Day and of the buckhounds on Christmas Day. The perfect golf course near at hand is one of the most beautiful in the country, and is remarkable for the picturesque nature of its layout and for the excellence of its putting greens.

For those who are fond of outdoor pursuits and who prefer to spend Christmas in what might be described as the traditional style, the Forest Park Hotel will have a special appeal.

PUTTING PRACTICE IN THE HOME: Sandy Herd, the famous golf professional, shows his granddaughter, Betty, how to use the Puttaboard—a type of bagatelle played with golf clubs and golf balls

MARCONIPHONE'S MANAGING DIRECTOR

Within a few months of his being appointed a director of the Marconiphone Co., Ltd., Mr. J. H. Williams has now been appointed managing director of the company. This year, the tenth birthday of radio, is also the tenth year of Mr. Williams's association with the industry and the Marconiphone organization. In his very early days he was a sales representative of the company attached to the Manchester depot. This post was quickly followed by that of assistant branch manager at Manchester. Mr. Williams then went to London as assistant London manager. His next move was to the post of assistant sales manager, which was followed by his rising to the important position of sales manager. Then in April this year, as already mentioned, he was made a director of the company. Mr. Williams is also a member of the management and general committee of the B.V.A., and the Marconiphone representative on the council of the R.M.A.

MR. J. H. WILLIAMS, the managing director of the Marconiphone Co., Ltd., who has achieved his position from the "ranks" in ten years

SEARCHING THE SHOPS

Times may be difficult, but the spirit of Christmas continues to revive irresistibly within us as December 25 approaches. Once more we shall be conducting our inevitable search through the shops, where the variety of possible gifts at our disposal appears more attractive than ever.

But just what to give? Cigars and cigarettes end in smoke; chocolates are soon forgotten; but it is comforting to remember that gifts of real utility remain as a lasting reminder of the donor. Everyone writes at some time or other, and fountain pens have passed from the realm of luxury into that of necessity. There are good pens at reasonable prices on the market, and there is no need to patronize the foreigner when there are makes like the "Swan" which are English made throughout. The new "Swan" Minor self-filling pens, besides being available in black, can now be had in most attractive colours at modest prices ranging from 10s. 6d. to 15s. These models are full-size pens with gold nibs, iridium tipped, and are fully guaranteed.

The importance of good handwriting cannot be over-estimated even in these days of the everlasting clack-clack of the typewriter, and for the boy or girl there is no better investment than 7s. 6d. put into a "Blackbird" Pen because it is undoubtedly a big incentive to write well. That this pen is also a product of the "Swan" people is sufficient recommendation.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Lieutenant-General Sir Hugh Jeudwine presented the prizes, on December 14th, on board the Training Ship *Arethusa*, off Greenhithe, Kent. He was accompanied by Lady Jeudwine, and Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden was also present. Mr. Howson F. Devitt presided. Sir Hugh Jeudwine said he was always impressed by the smartness and general turn-out of the boys. The time was one of doubt and difficulty. They were leaving the old ship, which had carried them so many years. During those years traditions had been built up and thousands of boys had passed out of it, and they must make sure that the spirit of the *Arethusa* surrounded their new ship as it had the old. The Society appeals to readers of THE SPHERE to assist them in this great work of training poor boys for the Royal Navy and Merchant Service, by sending donations to the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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Never before has THE SPHERE produced a more beautiful CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Page 9—THE GIFT

In this picture the artist has shown our readers something of the busy last minute rush on Christmas Eve. The shoppers are thronging Regent Street. They pause to glance at the modern lay figures in the window of a costumier's establishment. One elegant creature is handing a gift of pearls to another waxen beauty.

Drawn by John Pimlott

Page 10—A CHRISTMAS CAROL PAGE

An ancient carol is embellished by a triptych by Hans Memling, reproduced in colour. It contains some kneeling ladies in the attractive fifteenth-century dress of which several examples are given in the special section dealing with Real Life in the Middle Ages. They wear the tapering head-dress of the period.

Decorations by Harold Nelson

Page 11—EILWARD OF WESTONING

In this account of a miracle of St. Thomas à Becket the reader will discover a curious first-hand document dating from the years immediately following the murder of Becket. The details leading to the arrest of Eilward, the unfortunate-fortunate are extremely quaint, as are the methods of his conviction.

Illustrated by Harold Nelson

Page 12—AT THE TOILET TABLE

The artist is a constant exhibitor at the R.A. to which he was elected Associate not long ago. The room is lit from the usual left-hand side. A delightful serenity of treatment is a note of all Mr. Knight's work.

Painting by Harold Knight

THOSE AUSTRALIAN TWINS

An up-to-date story of two well-to-do Australian girls and their adventures in Europe and London. No actual living persons are referred to, although the characters move about in quite familiar social resorts in London.

By Alice Williamson

Page 13—"AFTERNOON"

One of the most happy of the delightful interior conversation pictures for which this artist is famous. He also is a member of the R.A. This particular example is now on exhibition at the galleries of Mr. Newman in Duke Street, St. James's. It is well worth seeing.

Painting by L. Campbell Taylor, R.A.

Page 14—THOSE AUSTRALIAN TWINS (continued)

Illustration to story by John Pimlott

Page 15—THE CHARM OF STILL LIFE

Two examples of still life and flower painting are given on this page. Mr. Ward is a regular exhibitor at the R.A. Mr. Y. Tohno is a newcomer to the R.A. He has done some delightful flower compositions in recent years.

Paintings by Chas. D. Ward and Y. Tohno

Page 16—SOMETHING LIKE A CONVERSATION

An extract from Fanny Burney's *Cecilia*. A delicious example of cultured boredom on the part of the silk-clad gentleman. The artist is an expert on costume. Her books, with their coloured illustrations, are a delight to the eye and her knowledge of cuffs, laces, and farthingales is profound.

Illustrated by Iris Brooke

And so, on: Over sixty pages of delightful seasonable reading amidst a riot of mellow colour.

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One of the Beautiful Pictures in our CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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